The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. II.—NO. 36. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859. PRICE, $2.00 A YEAR.

The N. Y. Saturday Press,
A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES,
IS PUBLISHED
Every Saturday Morning,
AT NO. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

TERMS—$2 00 a year; Five Cents a single number.

SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to any part of the Union on the receipt of five cents in postage stamps.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

BRANCH OFFICE of the N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS at ROGER'S BOOKSTORE, No. 827 BROADWAY, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

Original Poetry.

BLUE AND GOLD.

I.

By the side of the broad blue sea
My blue-eyed maiden dwells,
And plays with the blue-lipped shells,
And hides in the rocky dells,
And rolls in the surf with me.

II.

The morning with golden ray
Would gild her beauteous head,
But my charming blue-eyed maid
Unloosens her golden braid
And shames the proud light away.

III.

The blue-bird tosses his head
And the violet breathes a sigh,
As my maiden she passeth by,
While to meet her dark blue eye,
The blue-bells are ever afraid.

IV.

The goldfinch with her is bold,
And, spying her radiant hair,
He hastens to nestle him there,
And, tuning his prettiest air,
Sings how gold ever seeketh gold.

V.

The blue waves kiss her feet,
And sprinkle her marble brow,
And her blue eyes bluer grow
Than the veins on her hand of snow,
Where the blue rivers cross and meet.

VI.

And my maiden, she sings to me
As she basks in the golden sun,
O lay me, when life is done
Where his goldenest rays have shone,
By the side of the broad blue sea.

—H. C., JR.

TO M. A. W.

I.

Calm-browed, as one who treads a height,
Above this earth's tumultuous jars,
And, holding converse with the stars,
Enlarges all their hidden thoughts to light;

II.

O clear-cut face! that wear'st a glow
Like sadness blent with joy divine;—
Like lilies dipped in ruby wine,
Or music frozen in its flow;

III.

I do not love thee, yet my soul
Thrilled with a joy unknown before,
When, yestereve, I bent me o'er
To read the poetry which lies
Hid in the depths of thy dark eyes,
As on a fire-illumined scroll.

IV.

They err who deem thee proud or cold:—
The river runs not loud but deep;
If o'er its surface languors creep,
Below the sands are grains of gold.

V.

And I, who look within thy heart,
Veiled like a saint from vulgar view,
Behold a nature, warm and true,
Of which thy outward bears no part.

—W. F. B. JACKSON.

IMPURITIES OF THE CROTON—GLASS PIPES RECOMMENDED.

LETTER FROM DR. PERKINS.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

The recent impurities in Croton water have drawn public attention to the general subject of aqueducts in a manner which renders the following remarks not inappropriate. The present bad taste and smell of the Croton seem, if our microscopic investigations are of any value, to be entirely owing to vegetable matters which have in some manner found their way into the fluid, and which are found to be in a state of disintegration, though not of decomposition. The present communication, however, is not in reference to transient but to permanent impurities in the water of aqueducts—impurities which it is the height of folly longer to permit, and which it is a very easy thing to remove. We allude to those incident upon the use of metal in the manufacture of the conduits.

Lead, iron, tin, and zinc, are the metals employed—all of which are, to some extent, soluble in water, and all of which are, in a high degree, injurious when taken into the human system. If any one doubts the solubility of these metals in our Croton, he has but to fill at evening a vessel of lead, iron, tin, or zinc, with water, and taste the contents next morning. If this be not sufficient, let him apply the more complicated tests of chemistry.

The world is pretty well agreed that lead pipes are not conducive to health; and some wiseacres have proposed the substitution of block tin. This material was several years ago quite the rage. One plumber abandoned lead entirely, and called himself a "stannar," after the Latin name for tin, as more expressive of his business. We propose to show, however, that tin is as objectionable as lead, and that iron and zinc may also be classed in the same category.

Having assured ourselves of the undoubted presence of lead in water which has been lodged in lead cisterns or passed through lead pipes, let us consider the pathogenetic effects of repeated doses of this metal, as taken in our daily food or drink. The symptoms about to be cited do not, by any means, appear in all cases of lead poison, nor in fact in most; but where the susceptibilities to metallic influences are present to any extent, there will be a proportionate evolvement of the lead disease.

The symptoms produced by lead are best ascertained by a regular and systematic self-poisoning on the part of several enthusiastic people, previously healthy. The self-poisoners must abstain from all things which are supposed in any manner to interfere with the action of the lead, either as antidotal (as gamboge, sulphuric acid, etc.), or as aggravating (alcoholical shocks, alcohol, etc., etc.), or as simple concomitants (as beer, zinc, tin, etc., etc.), during the period of this voluntary poisoning. They must take the metal in both large and small doses, in material mass, and in that form in which it has been rubbed into a state of *quasi ionion* by trituration against and mixture with some inert substance. Each experimenter must then observe and note with great accuracy and carefulness the symptoms occurring in his individual case, during the period of taking, and for some days after stopping, the lead. The experiences, both mental and physical, of all the experimenters, are then to be collated and arranged. Those symptoms which occurred to all the experimenters, and which can be accounted for in no other way, are set down to the metal; and those symptoms which have been observed by but a few of the experimenters, are assigned to the unusual sensitiveness of the individuals concerned. It is manifest that from these two sets of phenomena, we may obtain a good picture of the lead disease. To the knowledge gained in this manner we may add the facts obtained from painters, plumbers, embossed card manufacturers, and workers in metallic lead, and we have a *science* of lead poison which is beyond all cavil. Now it fortunately happens that, in the earnestness and enthusiasm of certain German physicians, as also of certain American, English, and French, there has been found motive enough toward this regular and systematic self-poisoning, the physicians aforesaid being determined to find out of what diseases this lead was justly or unjustly accused. The science of lead disease, as thus erected, stands forth condensed from the sources abovenamed, as follows, and if any reader is curious to go further into the subject, he may find ample opportunity in the study of any of the recent symptomatologies.

Lead produces paralysis, jerking of the limbs, convulsions and cramps, epileptic fits, great weakness and trembling of the limbs, general emaciation, dropsical swellings, weakness of memory, imbecility, dementia, mania. These are the more violent lead manifestations; those less so are very violent colics, with constrictive pain, and with violent contraction of the abdomen, most obstinate constipation, neuralgia, vitiated sense of smell and hearing, confusion of sight, vertigo, congestion of the head, with falling off of the hair, etc., etc.

We do not wish to be understood as saying that every one who drinks Croton will become the subject of a lead poisoning. Susceptibilities to lead differ in different persons, as do the temperaments. It is, however, certain that the sensitiveness of city people increases with the length of their residence, and we are all growing more susceptible to lead poison every year.

Our knowledge of the pathogenetic effects of metallic iron, as gathered from the experiments of the self-poisoners above referred to, is as positive as is our knowledge of lead. And here it may be as well to remark that these self-poisoners are placing the capstone on the temple of medical science; and as these earnest men totter past us, with heads bowed and backs bent from the manifold diseases of their self-imposed martyrdom, we ask, humbled by a sense of our own shortcomings, what profession but the much-abused one of medicine can show such a list of real heroes? Actuated by a divine philanthropy, they deliberately poisoned themselves by slow degrees, that strangers and generations yet unborn might profit by the science purchased through their suffering. It is the old story of Prometheus. He brought fire from heaven, and a vulture knawed his vitals forever after. But the world, possessor of both the fire and the science, wags on, unknowing, uncaring, and unthinking.

The effects of iron on the human system, so prized by healthy persons while taking daily doses of the pulverized metal, are as follows: Dyspepsia with nausea and vomiting of food, constrictive oppression of the chest, spasmodic cough, palpitation of the heart, tensive headache with congestion, hemorrhages, great lassitude and general weakness, emaciation, violent tearing and shooting neuralgias, dropsical affections, and chlorosis.

Iron is largely contained in Croton. What relation this fact bears to the universal pallor of our women, and to that of most of our young men, we leave undecided. We are not by any means ignorant that iron, in allopathic doses, is often given by physicians of that school to antidote the very condition of chlorosis which has been proved to have been often produced by this metal, as cited above. This fact does not weaken our position, however, as it is well understood that large doses often antidote the effects of small ones, frequently repeated, by rousing the system to active repulsion.

In view of the effects of repeated doses of iron, it is certainly evident the substitution of this metal for lead, in the material for service pipe, will but change the form rather than remove the fact of the poison.

Now let us consider tin as a material for water pipe, and here we find a metal which will produce almost every one of the phenomena which attend consumption. We omit the neuralgic symptoms, with their ultimate of epilepsy and paralysis, and only give those referring to diseases of the chest. Dry, violent, shaking cough; cough excited by lying on the right side; profuse expectoration when coughing, which is greenish, yellowish, sweet, viscid, in lumps, and of a putrid smell; difficulty in breathing; lancinations in the left side of the chest; sense of weakness in the chest, with sense of fatigue on talking, etc., etc. Now these symptoms were all produced in the persons of the gentlemen whom we have designated as the self-poisoned martyrs of science, and are in the very highest degree reliable. Verily, we should be going from bad to worse, in accepting the suggestions of certain persons, ignorant in this direction, however learned in others, to substitute tin for lead in the manufacture of pipe.

Now then, as for the other material, viz: *zinc*, which is sometimes used for water pipe, we copy from the records of those who proved the character of the metal by swallowing it in sufficient quantities, the following symptoms, eliminated in them: heaviness, lassitude, and excessive weakness; violent trembling of the whole body; cutaneous diseases; disturbed sleep, with fantastic and frightful dreams; fever; vertigo; shootings and tearings in the head; sensation of pressure in the eyes; falling down and paralysis of the eyelid; neuralgia in the teeth and jaws; inflammation of, and discharge of pus from, the ears; burning sensation in the stomach, followed by vomiting of blood; spasmodic pains in the region of the liver and spleen; female weakness; cough, with expectoration of vivid mucus and blood; drawing, tearing and lancinating pains along the arms and legs, with partial paralysis.

Thus it will be seen that all our metallic pipes are in the highest degree objectionable.

We should never have disclosed this catalogue of diseases incident upon drinking dissolved metals were it out of our power to propose a cure. In the glass pipe spoken of in a recent communication to the public prints, we believe will be found perfect safety from the ills we at present endure from drinking metallized waters. We are informed this pipe is as cheap, if not cheaper than any other. The objections urged against it are slight. The absence of pliability, which is the only objection we have heard, applies to gas pipes as well, and yet the gasfitters do not complain. The demand for glass pipes once established, every one knows the sharp turns about the corners of a house would be presently overcome by the use of short joints and bends suitable for all "turns and twists."

There are two kinds of pipe which may come under the name of glass: first, the enamelled iron, which is of English manufacture, and which consists of a simple cast-iron tube lined with porcelain, as are the kettles which our cooks use for the preparation of "preserves;" the second is one made of junk-bottle glass, or of material still cheaper. This last may be buried in the earth, surrounded with charcoal-dust or some other material which is a nonconductor of atmospheric changes.

The late Professor Bartlett, the latter years of whose useful life were tortured by a neuralgia and paralysis distinctly assignable to lead taken in the water from a leaden aqueduct, used, unfortunately too late for him, a glass pipe of the latter description. Another distinguished gentleman, professor in the same college with my deceased friend, has at present a glass pipe connecting with the Croton main, leading to his rooms. Several instances of this expedient have recently come to my knowledge. These instances are proof sufficient of the practical value of glass as applied to the manufacture of aqueducts, and it is to be hoped that some enterprising persons will enter on the necessary experiments preparatory to making glass pipes on a large and cheap scale.

R. G. PERKINS.

August 20, 1859.

The Worn Wedding-Ring.

I.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures too—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

II.

O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

III.

How well do I remember now, your young sweet face that day;
How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doted on you; ah, how proud I was of you;
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

IV.

No—no; no fairer were you then than at this hour to me,
And dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true,
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

V.

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there,
For me you would not bravely face—with me you would not share?
O what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new.

VI.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—small voices that are here,
Small faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear,
Small, loving hearts your care each day makes yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

VII.

And, blessed be God, all He has given are with us yet; around
Our table, every little life lent to us, still is found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through:
Blessed be His name for all His love since this old ring was new.

VIII.

The past is dear; its sure seals still our memories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget;
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

IX.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,
We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold;
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

X.

And oh, when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;
O may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was new.

DRAWINGS OF RAFFAELLE AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

The Oxford Collection of Original Drawings, by Raffaelle and Michael Angelo, are being publicly exhibited for a time at the South Kensington Museum. They have been brought to London mainly for the purpose of being photographed for the use of Government Schools of Art, and also for general publication. The Department of Science and Art has for a long time been engaged in procuring photographs, casts, etc., of fine works from foreign museums and private collections, for circulation amongst students in connection with it, at low tariff prices; but it has perhaps not been generally known that these reproductions may also be obtained by the public from the producers on scarcely less favorable terms. The Department and the authorities of the British Museum are now, however, jointly engaged in organizing this system on a more extended and systematic basis; and we understand that an exhibition-room will very shortly be opened at South Kensington, in which all the photographs, casts, electrotypes, etc., produced under the authority of both these establishments will be exhibited, and made available for direct sale to the public. In the mean time, some repairs were being made in the University Galleries at Oxford, which necessitated the temporary removal of the Raffaelle Drawings; and on an application from the Department of Science and Art, the University authorities at once liberally consented to their removal to London, and to photographs being taken of them. In addition to the original drawings from Oxford, several very interesting ones of both Raffaelle and Michael Angelo have been lent by private individuals, and an extensive series of photographs and fac-similé engravings from others in English and foreign collections will shortly be added; so that it is probable that in one shape or other three-fourths of the drawings of Raffaelle now extant will be represented at Kensington. Of the photographs, the most important are those from the Cartoons at Hampton Court, specially executed for Government by Mr. Thurston Thompson. Although this splendid series, for enrolling any previous attempts, has been ready for publication for several months past, they have been kept in abeyance owing to the humanity of the general arrangements for sale to the public, are now for the first time being exhibited. In the next place should be specified the photographs from drawings preserved in the British Museum. The Prince Consort has contributed the collection of photographs of drawings by Raffaelle and his scholars, from the Windsor collection, and we believe has sanctioned their being issued to the public. The Chatsworth collection, by permission of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, is also represented by Mr. Thompson's excellent photographs. These and the foreign series, however, are unavoidably withheld from exhibition for a short time, pending the completion of the new galleries. Of the drawings preserved in Continental collections, those from the Museum of the Louvre, executed by permission of the French Government for the Department of Science and Art, are entitled to the first rank. After these should be noticed the splendid series comprised in the Arch-Duke Charles's collection, at Vienna; those from the Museum of the Academy at Venice, and from the Florence Gallery; and, finally, the fac-similé engravings from the Wicar collection, at Lille, and numerous miscellaneous fac-similes from various other sources. The original drawings of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo now exhibited number 289; and of photographs and fac-similes ready for exhibition but not yet hung, it is expected that the number will be still further augmented. Finally, we believe we may announce, that it is the intention of the Department of Science and Art to endeavor to procure photographs of all the drawings of these two great masters which are known to exist in England; and we trust that the private possessors of these inestimable treasures will co[illegible], in order that an intention so important to the artistic world of Europe may be effectually carried out. It should be added, that the collection has been temporarily placed in the new galleries constructed for the reception of the Turner and Vernon pictures, and that the public will now, for the first time, have an opportunity of testing the efficiency of these new buildings, as respects the mode of lighting and ventilation. —*London Athenæum.*

JACK ROBINSON AT NAHANT.

[From the New York Times.]

NAHANT HOUSE, Monday, Aug. 22, 1859.

Be it known to all men by these presents—by presents, I of course mean the service of silver plate with which the proprietors of the *Times* will present me when they read this letter—be it known, therefore, by these presents that I—Jack Robinson—am at Nahant.

It is my private opinion—derived from a close study of the classics—that Nahant was formerly a Titan; one of those tremendous fellows who piled Pelion on Ossa, and strove thereby to scale the many storied Heavenly Mansion known as Olympus. Nahantus—let me call him so—was, like the rest of his brother Titans, discomfited by the Thunderer, and, being flung by the force of those imperial arms back to his native earth, was smashed on this coast, and turned into stone. One can trace the giant still in those writhing arms of basalt that embrace the sea. The Pulpit Rock was once his massive head, that smiled or frowned defiance at the Pagan god. The stern agonies of his stupendous struggle are even now written in those craggy lineaments that are beaten forever by the avenging ocean.

I never saw a coast before that suggested more thoroughly an eternal despair than this coast of Nahant. The cliffs are not lofty; the surfs are not so grand as some that I have seen; but there is an indefinable expression of loneliness and sorrow in the lineaments of the rocks. Nature here seems to have lost all hope. The coast is furrowed and distorted like a human face torn by some immemorial misery. Black and shattered crags shelve out into the ocean, bearing with the heedlessness of ruin the ceaseless buffets of the waves. It is this lost aspect that has made Nahant more interesting to me than any sea-coast I have ever visited. Vaguely it seems to tell some story of immortal woe. When walking through the streets of cities we pass unmoving a thousand happy faces, wreathed in commonplace smiles and ruddy with inexpressive health: but sometimes in our path we behold a countenance, pale and haggard and wild, that causes us to stop and turn and look after it, for it tells us an unsyllabled story of passion and struggle, and ruin, that interests beyond all the chubby cheeks and white teeth that ever bloomed and glistened. So with Nahant. I have a sympathy with its mellancholy shores that all the laughing slopes of French vineyards or English hillsides could not awaken.

Do not, my dear sir, suppose for one instant that I have come down here to be melancholy. No one is melancholy here. We know how to separate the mental from the physical, and, however sorrowful we may be on paper, are very merry at the dinner table. Nothing is more delightful, after a good meal and a bottle of wine, than to wander out on the rocks and dream yourself into a mood of well-fed sorrow. Grief sits very easily on a full stomach. It is only people who have no cares of their own that can really afford to consider the cares of other people. Therefore, as I to-day have played the part of an excellent trencher-man, I felt very much inclined when I commenced this scrawl to indulge in a little plethoric melancholy. "In vain! In vain!" strike other chords. Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!" We have not got Samian, allow me to remark, *par parenthèse*, but we have champagne, which is the same in the Greek. As I remarked, nothing is further from people's thoughts than melancholy in these latitudes. There are "hops" three times a week, at which, as at all hop-harvests, the object of the men is to gather the most blooming flowers. Had I the pen of Jenkins, that ubiquitous master of ceremonies at watering-places, who delicately, under the cover of transparent initials, compliments "the lovely Miss B—— and the ever blooming and seraphically radiant Mrs. T——," I would instantly proceed, after the fashion of that distinguished author, to the hotel-register, and call you a whole column of alphabetical beauties. But, alas! as you know, my talent does not lie in that way, and I cannot add to the treasures of the modern *chroniques mondaines*.

The great object of Betsy Trotwood's life was donkeys. The chief amusement I have at the present moment of my existence is—waiters. The waiter world at this really excellent hotel is intensely interesting to me at meal time. Watching, it gives me some faint idea what would take place on the bread open if this country had a war with England, and recalls in some faultless the times and deeds of the old buccaneers. The Nahant waiter is a born privateer. He certainly had letters of marque on his baby linen. Each waiter has a separate family and table to attend, and he consequently looks on all other tables and families as so many prizes, of whose wealth he is at liberty to avail himself, for the benefit of his own circle. He is therefore on a continual predatory cruise, in search of fruits and sauces and tit-bits of every description, which he seizes with the dexterity of a baldheaded eagle, and bears off with him to his own particular nest. There is one venerable pirate who waits on the table next to mine, whom I have named Captain Kyd. He is a buccaneer of renown. As a privateer steers right into a merchantman under false colors, and then when near enough to board, hoists the hostile flag, so does "the Captain" sail down on a neighboring table, with such signals of benevolence beaming in every feature that no one would ever suspect the villanous designs concealed beneath. He has a prize in his eye—my the last melon of the dinner. He approaches the unsuspecting guest who is just about to regale himself—then whisk! The black flag is hoisted, the juicy prize is seized, and before the intimidated diner can collect his senses, Captain Kyd is off under full sail for his pirate's home, leaving the bereft one a wiser and more melon-choly man.

Having been a waiter myself from the Captain, I hit upon a brilliant idea. I set up a rival pirate, on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief. My waiter is equally sublime and daring, but has the advantage of being younger. It is a splendid sight to see them struggling over some favorite dish! Have you ever seen the osprey dash from its craggy perch down to the surface of the ocean and rise dripping and heavy, with a fish struggling in its talons? and then have you beheld the baldheaded eagle that sat calmly watching the operation, but who, the instant the osprey had secured his prey, darted on him with the speed of lightning and tore it from its claws? If you have seen this, you will be easily able to imagine the struggles of my waiter and the Captain over some delicacy of the season.

We are to have military to-morrow and next day down here. What military they are I cannot positively say, but that they are as military as Boston Common, two drills a year, and rusty muskets can make them, I am quite sure. We shall doubtless have the usual proportion of a hundred officers and three privates, patriotic, intoxicated, and vocal. I think I shall go and pass those two days in "the swallow's cave."

You are a newspaper-man and want news, of course. What shall I do for news to give you! One waiter split another's skull open with a clever here the other night. The first is in jail, and the other in bed. You can't say after this that I did not give you an item. We are to have a regatta here this week. It was supposed that no regatta would take place here again this season, but the yachting men have thought better of it, and are about to enliven the harbor once more. A perch was caught the other day off of Castle Rock. It weighed exactly two ounces and a half. It lay on the beach for several days, and was visited by great numbers—of flies. Permit me, in conclusion, to commiserate you for not being down here under the paternal protection of Mr. Rand, and subscribe myself with assurances of my distinguished consideration,

JACK ROBINSON.

JENNIE BROWN.

My sweet, my dear beloved,
My darling Jennie Brown,
She worketh in a factory,
Way down town.

And there are no sweet flowers,
And there is no bright sky;
And nothing but machinery
Meets her eye.

She hears no merry voices,
Of larks and robins there,
But groans of harsh machinery
Shake the air.

She walketh to her labor,
Through weary city lanes,
And rideth in the omnibus
When it rains.

She worketh for her living,
Yet hath no fretting cares,
She liveth near the Bowery,
Way up-stairs.

She is a plant of nature,
Though in the city grown,
A flower in the wilderness of
Brick and stone.

Her forehead is so sunny,
Her lips form such a wreath
Of smiles, around her glistening
And pearly teeth;

Her eyes are so expressive
Of every earnest thought,
And float about so dreamily,
In soft light;

She hath a form so perfect,
So rounded, plump, and full;
A flesh and blood embodiment
Of her soul;

She hath a mind so sparkling
With pictures, vivid, fair,
Refined, poetic, fanciful,
Wild, and rare;

Yet, with its range of fancy,
So rich in sterling sense,
So free, in pure simplicity,
From pretence,

That I shall ever love her,
My darling Jennie Brown,
Who worketh in a factory,
Way down town.

O! soon may I take, gently,
Her willing hand in mine;
Then where all nature, blossoming,
Drinks sunshine,

Where the soft air, all the day long,
Dissolves the hearts of flowers;
Where married birds sing joyously,
All the hours;

Where through the showers and sunshine,
The fruit-trees bloom and bear;
Where fragrance, light and melody,
Load the air;

And where a modest dwelling
Stands shily by the way,
O'erhung by one great cherrytree,
Old but gay;

There we, in blessed quiet,
Will gently settle down,
On money earned in factories,
Way down town.

Then, as the years are gliding
Toward the endless day,
We'll gather flowers and luscious fruits,
On the way.

And on me softly, clearly,
Shall ever shine a mind,
That time makes younger, lovelier,
More refined.

A girl shall walk beside me,
Fair, healthy, and robust;
And not a fainting skeleton,
Finely dressed.

And she will ne'er be weary,
But ever blithe and gay;
We shall be buoyant travellers,
On the way.

And always we together,
In loving, trustful prayer,
Will rest upon God's fatherly,
Kindly care.

Index to Current Literature.

In the last number of their "Publishers' Circular," Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Co., print four pages of their proposed "Index to Current Literature." "This is simply intended," they say, "as a specimen of what we hope in time will be found to supply a long-experienced desideratum in literature, and for lack of which our system of catalogues is at fault, and our daily-accumulating stores of books and pamphlets as it were locked up from all but the professed 'litterateur,' and to a great extent even from him. We have a two-fold aim in proposing this Index: on the one hand, to perfect our *Circular* by adding an Index to its contents, and on the other hand, to compile a work which shall in itself prove a 'Ready Reckoner' of what is written on any given subject during the current month or quarter, and which, without being confined to the contents of the *Circular*, may extend its application to the contents of the leading reviews and magazines, and comprehend a reference to essays, and newspaper articles, that may be as desirable to secure the means of turning to, as to distinct publications. The value of such an Index must be too apparent to our subscribers to need enlarging upon here, and it will be our aim to make it recve its value to others who may doubt it, confining ourselves now to asking support of our attempt for one year; this, it is to be hoped, will be readily afforded, for the labor and cost of the undertaking may be considered fairly entitled to the encouragement so far.

—At a dinner given in Boston to the Baltimore City Guards, on the 25th of August, neither Mr. Everett, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Winthrop, nor Mr. Hillard, were present, to make speeches; nor did either of them send letters regretting other engagements, etc. The fact is worthy of record as the first of the kind.

The Little Grave.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
"Only just a child that's dead;"
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day.
Ah, they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home had made.

I knew the coffin was narrow and small,
One yard would have served for an ample pall;
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The rosebud and the freight of clay.
But I knew that darling hopes were hid
Beneath that coffin-lid.

I knew that a mother had stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay;
I knew that burning tears were hid,
"Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;"
And I knew her lip, and cheek and brow,
Were almost as white as her baby's, now.

I knew that some things were hid away,
The crimson frock, and wrappings gay;
The little sock and the half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plumes and tassels blue;
And an empty crib with its covers spread,
As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave, but, oh! beware!
For world-wide hopes are buried there,
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,
May see, like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried up with an only boy!

Literary Notes.

— The library of the late Douglas Jerrold, Esq., is about to be sold at auction in London. The collection is said to be small, but well selected, and to be curious, from the fact that many volumes are presentation copies, and contain the autograph of the authors.

— The article on Berkshire in the last *Quarterly Review* is attributed to the pen of the author of "Tom Brown's School Days."

— It is stated that Mr. Anthony Trollope, the well known novelist, has returned to England after a nine months' tour through the West Indies, Central America, etc. The result of his observations, as embodied in a book of travels, is already in the hands of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, London.

— At a recent sale in London, thirty-seven lots of autograph poems and letters, by Burns, were put up to competition, and realised large prices. The letters, dating from 1792 to 1796, were chiefly addressed to Mrs. Riddel, of Woodly Park, and brought from £3 to £5 each. Among the poems were the original of "The last time I came o'er the Moor," which sold for £4 18s.; a folio sheet, with three songs, "My Chloris," etc., fetched £6 2s. 6d.; "O bonnie was yon rosy brier," a composition of four stanzas, £5 15s.; song, "My Nannie's awa," £9 10s. The largest price was given, very properly, for the noblest song in the language, "A man's a man for a' that." It was accompanied by a previous ballad to the same tune, curious as showing the trash that Burns supplanted. This lot realised 10gs.

— Henry Ward Beecher says of the "Items Column" in the newspapers, that it is "worth more than all the "small fry of correspondents, with an editor thrown in "to boot! Like a caravan, it stretches along in col "umns, with packages and parcels, spices and gem, bits "of fragrance or cunningly wrought metals, gathered "from the Orient and from the whole world besides. "The items of the paper, like the stuffing of a thanks-"giving turkey, represents everything in the house, "crusts of bread, crackers, and all spices."

— Mrs. Partington thus speaks of the success of her new volume, "Knitting Work," just published by Brown, Taggard & Chase, in the Boston *Gazette*:

"I'm shore I'm grateful for sich favor. I've always observed that a book sells in jest the proportion that there's people to buy it; and though this of mine mayn't be as brilliant as a gas meteor, or as voluminous as the northern lights, it seems to please people full as well as a book of sermons or a quarter dictionary. Well, I'm always glad when people feel happy, because I know they are enjoying themselves." "Do you know," queried old Roger, "why your book is like the corner of Washington and School streets." "I don't," said she, trying very hard to think. "Why," said he, "it is because a great many people go buy it." She smiled at what was really a very old joke, and like laughed outright as the old lady in her agitation gave a new dime, instead of a penny, for which he had been teazing her.

— The reminiscences of Rufus Choate, by Col. E. G. Parker, are announced for publication by Messrs. Mason & Brothers.

— In the *Atlantic* for September "A Visit to Martha's Vineyard" is attributed to Mrs. Austin; "Zelma's Vow" to Grace Greenwood; "The Murder of the Innocents" to Rev. T. W. Higginson; the poem entitled "The Singer" to Buchanan Read, and that entitled "October to May" to Florence Percy.

— The London *Critic*, and other English journals, state positively that the author of Adam Bede is Miss Mary Ann Evans of Coventry, already known to the literary world by her remarkable translation of Strauss's Life of Jesus.

— "The History of the Working Classes in France, from the Conquest by Julius Cæsar to the Time of the Revolution," is the title of a work by M. L. Lavasseur, published in an improved form, which has recently been approved by the French Academy of Moral and Political Science.

— Mr. Bayle St. John, the well-known author, died in England on the 1st of August. One of his best works is entitled "Purple Tints of Paris"—a name imitated from Dick Tinto's "Tricolored Sketches of Paris."

— The "*Charleston Courier*" informs us that Harry Timrod has a book of poems in press, which will soon be published.

— Among the unpublished manuscripts of the late Dr. Wm. A. Alcott, was one bearing the following unique and suggestive title: 'Forty Years in the Wilderness of Pills and Powders, or the Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician.' It bears the marks of having been added to up to within a week of the decease of the author, and may with propriety be called his Medical Autobiography. We are informed that Messrs. John P. Jewett & Co. have the work in press, and will issue it at an early day.

— At the great Libri book-sale in London, the gem of the collection was a copy of Machiavelli's treatise on the art of war. (Aldus, 1540.) This beautiful copy, the initial letters of which were printed in gold, once formed part of the magnificent library of Grolier, in whose best style it was bound. It is well known to those who are curious in such matters, that there were four volumes of the works of Machiavelli published by Aldus, and that Grolier had each of the four bound in a different pattern. One of these is in the British Museum, another is in the Imperial Library of Paris, a third is in a private collection at Lyons, and the fourth is the volume then offered for sale. The competition for this prize was very great; but eventually it lay between Mr. Boone (for the British Museum) and M. Techner, the French agent, and eventually it was knocked down to the latter for £151; whether the purchase was made for the Imperial Library of Paris, or for the Duc d'Aumale, did not transpire, but an impression prevailed that it was for one or the other.

— Mr. Sebastianoff, a Russian savan, has discovered an old M.S. of Ptolemy's Geography in the Monastery of Mount Athos, and has made photographic copies of the maps for the classic world.

— The Rev. Dr. Bellow's sermon on the "Suspension of Faith" is pronounced by *The Spiritual Telegraph* to be "no ordinary spiritual phenomenon." "It is based," says *The Telegraph*, "upon a preventing general spiritual influence, and is one of the most important conquests modern spiritualism has made. We had not expected it so soon, but it shows the power of New Dispensation is exerting in the minds of the people, both in and out of the Church.

— The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, says the *Evening Post*, has consented to give one of the lectures of the Fraternity Course, in Boston, next Winter. These lectures are under the direction of members of Theodore Parker's congregation.

— The *Alton Courier* (Ill.), states that a portrait of Esther Johnson, the "Stella" of Dean Swift, can be seen in a Bookstore in that city, and adds that its authenticity is beyond all question.

— The London correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* says that Miss Evans, now known to be the author of Adam Bede, was only nineteen when she translated, and translated well Strauss's *Leben Jesu*. She has long been known in literary society in London as the contributor of several very thoughful papers to the Westminster Review, particularly some on the position, duties, and difficulties of women. Miss Evans is either a native of, or was long a resident in, Nuneaton, where some of her family still live.

— Charles Dickens has given mortal offense to the Dublin people, by publishing an article in his new serial, entitled "Her Majesty's Irish Mail." A correspondent in *Saunders's News Letter* threatens to have Mr. Dickens tarred and feathered, or worse, should he return to give any more of his readings in Ireland.

— We read in the *Levant Herald* of August 10th: "His Excellency, Sir Henry Bulwer, met with an accident on Friday last, which might have been serious. His foot slipping on the steps which descend from the French Palace quay to the Bosphorus, he fell with considerable violence, and, for a moment, the worst consequences were apprehended. But we are happy to state that no injury of any importance was inflicted by the fall, and that he is now in a fair way of being, in two or three days, perfectly recovered."

— According to the Keokuk *Journal*, Louis Paulsen, the celebrated chess-player, is about taking his departure from that city to New York, to challenge Morphy to a match game of chess.

— A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes from Paris, Aug 14: "I had a very satisfactory view of the Emperor to-day, as he turned down, at the head of the army of Italy, from the Boulevard de Capucins into the Rue de la Paix, with the undecorated bronze statue of his uncle directly before him. On horseback, he is certainly a very fine-looking man. He was dressed with rich simplicity, and his horse's decorations were those of an imperial gentleman. Nothing like the crowd this morning has been seen in Paris for a generation, except on the occasion of the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, and of the last visit of Victoria. The pictures represent Napoleon very fairly, except that he is rather stouter than commonly shown, and that his beard is of a light brown color. I was struck with the anxiety about him prevalent everywhere among the lovers of order, and more than once I heard expressions of thankfulness that he was so far on his dangerous way without accident. Several of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard carried on their horses their little sons, spectators of the scene. The little fellows were dressed in the uniform of the Guard. I saw in the demeanor of the Emperor nothing but modesty and dignity. He looked born in the purple. Others who had seen him before thought they could discover in his face evident traces of sadness and disappointment. A French gentleman was sure that he had grown gray during the last three months."

Special Notices.

OCEAN MAILS.

The European mails by the steamship BREMEN, hence for Southampton, will close at the New York Postoffice today, Sept. 3, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

CONSERVATORY FOR STUDENTS OF THE PIANO.*

Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK'S Classes for the Pianoforte will reopen on TUESDAY, SEPT. 6th, in his new Hall, No. 765 BROADWAY. Messrs. Chickering & Sons have kindly offered some of their finest pianos for the use of the Conservatory. For the formation of Classes, early applications are requested. Class days, Tuesdays and Fridays, from 10 A. M. to 1 o'clock, and 2 1-2 to 5 1-2 P. M.

N. B.—A series of classical Subscription Concerts (free to pupils) will be given during the season. The private Concerts of the pupils will also be continued.

* Mr. GOLDBECK hopes, in time, to be enabled to include in his system all the branches necessary to the thorough education of students, vocal or instrumental, and so eventually to institute a complete "Conservatory" of Music in this city.

A. C. HAWES,
DENTIST,
15 Bond Street, New York.
Of the firm of Hawes, Brother & Seabury, Providence, R. I.

GOLDBECK'S MUSIC HALL,

No. 765 Broadway, between Eighth and Ninth streets.

This Hall, newly and tastefully fitted up, and admirably adapted for the most select entertainments, such as CHAMBER-CONCERTS, READINGS, LECTURES, PRIVATE ASSEMBLIES, etc., opens on the 1st of September. For particulars apply at the office of the Hall, No. 765 Broadway, New York.

BRADY'S GALLERY.—REMOVAL.

Removed from 359 Broadway, to 643 Broadway, corner of Bleecker street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, DAGUERREOTYPES & AMBROTYPES.

*** Portraits of celebrities (living and dead) in the financial, political, religious, and artistical world.

BRANCH OFFICE OF THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS at Rockes's Rockstore, No. 827 Broadway, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

NORTH CONWAY HOUSE,
NORTH CONWAY, N. H.
By N. R. MASON.

Connected with this House is a good Bowling Alley. Horses and Carriages are constantly on hand for Mountain and Fishing Excursions.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.
Office 505 Broadway, N. Y.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

CHICKERING & SONS,
Manufacturers of
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOS,
Warerooms No. 694 Broadway.

Chickering & Sons have been awarded thirty-five prize medals for the superiority of their manufacture for the past thirty-five years. Also for sale,
MASON & HAMLIN'S SUPERIOR
MELODIONS AND HARMONIUMS
or Parlors, Churches, Vestries, and Lodges. At Wholesale and Retail
PIANOS TO LET.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE, will open for the reception of Guests on
THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE.
DANIEL GALE, Proprietor, Caldwell, N. Y.

The steamer MINNEHAHA, CAPTAIN GALE, will commence her regular trips, in connection with the steamers on Lake Champlain, and Railroad to Saratoga, on the first day of June.

SOANE PUBLIC GALLERY OF ART.
New York Historical Society Building, Second avenue, corner of Eleventh street. Open daily from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M.

CANVASSERS wanted in every town in the United States, to canvass for The N. Y. Saturday Press. A liberal commission allowed. For particulars, address
HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Publisher,
9 Spruce street, New York.

[For the New-York Saturday Press.]

THE LAST LETTER.

BY FLORENCE PERRY.

Best beloved, beyond your sight,
Where the hills rise bleak and white,
One whose faint and faltering feet,
Walk where light and shadow meet—
One whose true heart never knew
Any other love but you,
Murmurs, on her death-bed lying,
"Love me, love, for I am dying!

"Though the smiling angels wait,
Leaning from the shining gate,—
Though their white hands, reaching down,
Offer me life's fadeless crown,
I would yield it, even now,
For your kiss upon my brow!
Crush me not with cold denying—
Love me, love, for I am dying!

"Many a league of hill and plain
Stretches wide between us twain,
Traversed only by my thought,
Out of love and anguish wrought;
Yet my voice shall tremble through
All dividing space to you,
Like an echo's low replying—
Love me, love, for I am dying!

"Though sweet voices call me o'er
Softly to the other shore,
Where all sorrowing hearts find peace,
And their weary achings cease,
Still my soul, which will not view
Any heaven away from you,
Will not cease its anguished crying—
Love me, love, for I am dying!"

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

NOTICE.

We take pleasure in announcing that G. H. Avery Esq., of Owego, N. Y., is associated in the proprietorship and business management of the New York Saturday Press.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

The great event of the week is the announcement by the *Little Paddington Gazette*, that Mr. Everett, Writer for the *Ledger*, has decided not to go to England in person, but by proxy.

The object of the visit,—as an anxious world was duly informed some weeks since,—is to take Mr. Everett, Jr., to Cambridge, and place him at the University.

A very sensible thing to do, no doubt (as things go), but one which, until the aforesaid *L. P. Gazette* reached us, we had no idea was of any importance except to the distinguished parties immediately concerned.

In this, however, it seems that we were mistaken, and that our mistake was that of confounding Mr. Everett (Writer, etc.) with common mortals, who are constantly sending their sons abroad, without letting the public know anything about it.

The more fools they; for since it is the blessed privilege of Americans to live in a country every inhabitant of which is a Sovereign,—and every family, by consequence, a Royal Family,—it follows, of course, that, in accordance with monarchical tradition and usage, all the movements of the said Sovereigns and Royal Families should be recorded in every instance in full detail, in order to maintain the dignity of the Body Politic (whatever that is) and the glory of the State.

It is refreshing to know that Mr. Everett is fully aware of this national peculiarity, and shows his appreciation and approval of it by seeing that his every step in life (save now and then a faux pas) is duly reported and chronicled.

It is equally refreshing to know that nearly every journal in the land is ready, at a moment's notice, to play the part of Mr. Everett's (or Mr. Anybody's) *Court Journal*.

Thanks, then, to our courtly contemporaries, we now know not only that Mr. Everett is going to England, but that he is going by proxy—to wit, in the person of his worthy namesake and nephew, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who, for a moderate consideration, has consented to brave the dangers of the sea, and to deliver the youthful scion of his venerable uncle in good order and well-conditioned (the aforesaid dangers excepted) in Liverpool, whence, we learn, the young man will be escorted to Cambridge by Prince Albert and suite, who will be in waiting for His Boston Highness at the Docks.

The *Little Paddington Gazette* very properly accords high praise to Mr. Hale for the promptness with which he consented to undertake the solemn and responsible mission; as, also, to Mr. Hale's "people" for consenting, at the risk of their souls, to dispense, for the time being (considering the importance of the occasion), with their pastor's services.

We look for a more complete account of these interesting facts, with all the attendant solemnities, to the next number of the *Ledger*, in which they will doubtless form the topic of one of the immortal "Mount Vernon Papers."

Meanwhile, we may be allowed to express the hope that Mr. Everett, Jr., and his reverend escort will arrive at their destination in safety—to which end we may be permitted to suggest that prayers to be offered up in all the churches.

We beg further to suggest—though it is hardly necessary—that in case our prayers are heard, and the royal and reverend party arrive in safety, a Day of Thanksgiving be appointed by the President (by and with the consent of the Cabinet and the *Herald*), in order to give the whole nation a chance—if the bull may be excused—to express their unutterable joy.

We feel the more anxious in the matter than we should otherwise do, from the fact that when we were informed, some weeks ago, of the circumstances above alluded to, we were in such a state of stultification as not to consider them of importance enough to be printed or taken the least public notice of.

We even went so far as to hint to our informant (who could not possibly understand our state of mind—and what wonder!) that for us to print any such matter would be to furnish the world with one of the grossest instances of flunkeyism on record.

But now that all the newspapers in the land (from the *Little Paddington Gazette* up) have taken the opposite view, and have been only too glad to print and circulate the facts in reference, we are bound in modesty to admit that we were in error, and that what we considered to be pure flunkeyism, whether it originated with Mr. Everett or his friends, may, in fact, be only a natural manifestation of spread-eagleism, without which our nation would be bereft of half her glory.

Moreover, we desire to make the most humble and ample apology to our aforesaid informant, and to express the desire that our correspondents in every part of the country will henceforth keep us thoroughly posted up as to the private affairs of all persons, in whatever sphere of life, with whom they come in contact.

Finally, if we have intimated in this article that Mr. Everett could have sent his son to Cambridge, Coventry, or wherever, as Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones would have sent his son,—without either going himself or inducing a clergyman on duty to go,—we desire, in the most contrite spirit, to express our regrets for such intimation, and to assure the reader that, on reflection, we are of opinion not only that Mr. Everett was justified in applying to Mr. Hale to escort his son, but that he would have been justified in applying to Mr. Buchanan himself,—or even to the editor of The Saturday Press—either of whom would doubtless have felt it an honor to serve Mr. Everett at whatever cost—especially if the fact were to be duly chronicled in the newspapers as an act of self-sacrifice.

COLLIER AND THE COMMENTATORS.

"*Men scatter their seed before sowing it.*"

Fielding in his "Voyage to the Other World," relates that hearing some of the learned commentators on Shakespeare disputing about the correctness of some passage in the works of the immortal Bard, he searched for and found Mr. Shakespeare enjoying himself with some simple diversion, and made bold enough to ask him how he did write the sentence in question, for that since his death the correct interpretation of the passage had been a matter of serious and prolonged dispute. Upon my word, my dear sir, said Mr. Shakespeare, I really cannot now say how I did write it, but had I known that the passage in question would have ever excited any dispute, I assure you that I would never have written it at all. There is in this simple story, the best exposition of the value to the world, of the class of men who call themselves commentators. The men who bring their two-inch rule to measure and define the eccentricities of a comet's course. The men who dare lift their penny-dip to illustrate and explain the brightness of the sun. In the higher paths of literature we must walk as we do in life, partly by faith. Does it lessen one jot or tittle a child's enjoyment of the good old rhyme,

Hickory dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock, etc.

that he is not quite able to understand what the poet meant to say? Does it not on the contrary heighten his enjoyment, as it leaves his imagination perfectly untrammelled and free? We should pity the sensible parent who should attempt to so commentate our great infantile classic Mother Goose, that it should become plain to any young understanding. The child who should be subjected to such a course, is still more worthy of commiseration. What more melancholy specimen of a man can there be, than he whose mind has from his earliest infancy been subjected to a vigorous and unremitting course of training and improvement, whose infancy has been nourished not with Mother Goose, Dame Crump, Old Mother Hubbard, and that host of worthies, but with stories of the wonderful moral actions of Little Bill and Poor Jack, and the religious experiences of saints in long or short frocks, who concealed their good deeds in Madagascar or some other out of the way place?

Men are but children of a larger growth, and the man who would love literature, and Shakespeare above all others, must make himself as a little child, and in order to attain this state of mind the less he has to do with commentators the better. Let him not allow his mind to become obscured with explanations, and above all let him not be frightened by their air of wisdom and learning.

There is a great row just now among these gentlemen in England, and there is danger that the trouble will extend over to this side of the water. Mr. Collier's famous folio emendations have been decided to be forgeries. Mr. Collier's honor is not in the least impeached in the matter: he himself has been deceived. This is a very satisfactory way of settling the whole question. We are glad to find that Mr. Collier's honesty is intact, we always believed him a gentleman and a sensible man, and are consequently glad to find that he is no commentator. But we are particularly glad to find that the whole authority of the emendations is destroyed, so that the reading world has regained the right to judge of their merits as they deserve, accepting or rejecting them in whole or in part as each man thinks best. The whole affair will serve to impress upon the public the belief that the commentators are as Mrs. Partington calls them "common 'tators," or as the phrase goes "small potatoes," a consummation so much to be desired, that we should rejoice at the yearly discovery of an annotated folio.

NEW YORK NOT TO BE A SPA.

Professors Chilton and Torrey—the big Croton-bugs of the moment—have at last made their report, the lucid conclusion of which is, "that the recent offensive "condition of the Croton water was owing to a rapid "and abundant growth of a microscopic confervæ-like "plant, which abounds in a volatile, odorous principle, "soluble to some extent (we like that to some extent) "in water."

In respect to the sanitary properties of the Croton in its present state, the distinguished professors are as good as silent. This is to be regretted, as a learned word or two from them might have confirmed our theory on the subject, and at once converted this metropolis into the greatest Spa in the world. What a chance lost!

A Pencilling by the Way.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword: the Cheese is mightier than the Pen.

An Idle Author.

Jo. Cose sends us a special despatch to the effect that he has discovered Tennyson to be the "Idyl-est Author in Europe."

[Copied entire from the *Century* of Sept. 3, 1859.]

Notes and Queries.

I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book short hints of what you find that is curious, or may be useful.—Benjamin Franklin.

What is the Aurora Borealis?

Q.

We will answer in our next.

Wedded at Last.

Some wag states that Mr. Buchanan is no longer a bachelor. He has become wedded to Mis-Government. This from the *Missouri Democrat*.

Narrow Church.

A correspondent informs us that he is about to establish a new religious sect to be called the You-and-I-tarians, consisting of himself and next friend.

What will become of Him?

The youngest of our printer's devils has just invented a week's wages in a pair of boots. He describes them as "The News of the Day."

Paddy's View of "Geraldine."

Bateman! And that is the name of the darlint
Who for fifty cents charmed me, the swate little crature.
She's an "inferior animal," is she, ye spalpeens!
Step out and show me the Man who can Rate her!
Whish! burn for dinity!

The Last from Saratoga.

Jones sat blissfully listening to the echo of the voice of his adored Arabella, as it reverberated her plaintive ditty, in the caverns of Luzerne. "What a splendid place for a Honeuy," he rapturously exclaimed, ere her last note melted into echo.

"How so?" demanded the Beloved One, in astonishment.

"Because the Echo repeats the Lay," replied the miscreant.

Economy of Sewing Machines.

The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company has prepared tables showing by actual experiment of four different workers, the time required to stitch each part of a garment by hand, and with the sewing machine. The superiority of the work done by the machine, and the healthfulness of the employment, are advantages quite as great as the saving of time. We subjoin a summary of the several tables:

	By Machine. Hours.	Min.	By Hand. Hours.	Min.
Gentleman's shirt	1	5	13	15
Frock coat	1	28	10	15
Both vests	1	34	9	15
Linen "		40	5	15
Cloth pantaloons		51	4	15
Bonnet		20	2	30

Seams of any considerable length are stitched ordinarily at the rate of a yard a minute.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

The Black Flag Hailed to the Mast.

Mr. Tom Taylor has been to Paris again.

Mr. Tom Taylor goes to Paris very often, now-a-days. He is like that unfortunate Old Lady who once had a husband who had something to do with the Customs, so that the Old Lady was able to offer you some tremendous bargains in lace. Mr. Taylor never comes back from Paris without a new play or novel in his boots. Since last Spring he has "run in" no less than three invoices, one of which is Octave Feuillet's "*Périls dans la Demeure*," which Mr. Taylor re-Christened "The House; or the Home," and produced last April at the Adelphi.

Miss Laura Keene, who has that intense affection for Tom Taylor which only managers can feel towards an author whose pieces they get for nothing, selected his last two-act larceny for the plat de resistance of the feast which she offered up to her lieges when she commenced her regular season, on last Monday evening.

The liege came in large numbers—the house being packed to its utmost capacity. Peoria, Tar River, Attakapas, and Barkhampstead in the majority, of course, but still the metropolis was fairly represented. The subscriber and A. M. were "among the distinguished persons." There was not such a brigade of artists, demi-monde, and small litterateurs, as that which assisted at the first night of "Geraldine," but the dear public, the masses of "matineers," were out in full force.

Orpheus, represented by Mr. Thomas Baker, had the honors of the evening. It is not a great compliment to the artists that they are overshadowed by the fiddlers. The public, however, reasons in this way: We have seen bad actors and bad plays on this stage; but the orchestra has been uniformly good. So vive Baker!

And I say vive Baker! too.

To the play:

I should think it would be very good in French. It is levelled, of course, at that much abused tribe, the husbands. All the French plays, and all the French books pitch into Monsieur Cocardeau. Even in this country the husband has literally no rights: or, if he has them, only keeps them by eternal vigilance. I, as a bachelor, will give my assistance to a movement for the amelioration of the condition of the husbands. *That* I call magnanimous.

The theory of this play is, that if the husband has so much buying and selling, or electioneering, or business of any sort to do, that he cannot find time to do double post duty over Madame, she is entitled to take some nice young man, some Edouard or Alphonse, for what the French call "distraction." In the French books and plays the husband is made the bearer of signals to Alphonse, and is the go-between for the lover and the wife. This sort of thing has been happily hit off by Gavarni in that capital series of sketches, the *Fourberies de Femmes*. One picture is especially clever. Madame and Alphonse are sitting together in earnest conversation, under the Colonel's portrait. She says: "Entends-moi bien: demain matin, il ira t'engager "à dîner; si tu lui vois son paraplule c'est qu'il n'aura "pas eu stalle Francais, alors tu n'accepteras pas; "s'il n'a pas de paraplule, tu viendras dîner.—Mais "(il faut penser du tout) s'il pleut demain matin?— "S'il pleut, il sera mouillé, voila tout! Si je ne veux "pas qu'il ait un paraplule, moi, il n'en aura pas! "Tu es donc bête?"

In "The House; or, The Home," we have for the hero a rising young politician, continually up to his nose in blue books, and always in the House of Commons. He loves Madame, but neglects her, a paradox which one never finds except in books and plays. For "distraction," she has taken a very young man, who is terribly infatuated with her, so much so that he won't go off to Kamschatka, or some place, where Her Brittanic Majesty is supposed to need his services in a diplomatic capacity. The affair has reached its ultimating point, when the play commences. Madame has promised to send the friend of her soul a signal by her husband. If things are generally comfortable, the British Senator will not wear an emerald ring; if the fond youth is to go to Kamschatka, or the d—l, or anywhere else he likes, Monsieur will wear the ring. At this point, the flirtation is discovered by the mother of the young man, who makes a mistake as to the meaning of the signal, and believes, when she sees the ring, that it is a sign of assent, whereas it conveys sentence of banishment. The old mother, who is an "old soldier," and up to all sorts of games, manages to get the ring before the boy sees it, on the Senator's hand, and then commences a series of situations, puerile enough in themselves, but well put together, and worked up to a strong climax, where the husband finds a billet doux, and gets very bilious over it, but finally takes his "erring, but repentant wife "back to his forgiving bosom." She takes him back, too, and there is a general taking back all round. The lover takes the back track, after being handsomely mauled by the injured husband, who says he couldn't think of going out with him, not believing in the Code of Honor, and of Obadiah Wise.

As a dramatic critic I have no morals to speak of. I simply deal with things as they are. But I don't believe in half-way measures. I don't believe in putting a thin varnish of English respectability over a piquant French superstructure. It gives a play a hushed-up air which is very unsatisfying. This piece, now, is well written and carefully constructed, but there is no body to it. It is like a good Bordeaux watered down to the thinnest point. The first act has a narrow escape from being a farce. It went off without laughter or applause. The second is better, and there is a very good scene between the husband and the old lady, but the denouement is not liked. For my part I don't see how it could be changed. The Brightest and Best of her sex thought it was stupid. She wants another *Veteran*, Mr. Wallack, and I put this in by special order.

As for the acting, it might have been better and worse. Miss Keene, who changed the part of the mother so as to make it the sister of the lover, has much improved in appearance since I last saw her. She acted earnestly, elegantly, and artistically, and was dressed charmingly. Miss Clifton played the naughty wife, and has been generally snubbed by the critics. I am not among the especial admirers of this actress, but I have seen her play much worse than on this occasion, and that when she was roundly praised, too. Her dress was rather loud, A. M. said "perfectly awful," but beyond that question of clothes, to which I have already directed Miss Clifton's prayerful consideration, I don't think she deserved the censure visited upon her head by the Tribune. However, she has probably before this time engraved upon her seal, a charge à révanche!

Mr. George Jordan found a moderately good part in the rôle of the husband. His first act would have been better had he imitated the icy English manner. I can see that his idea was to show the amiable side of the statesman's character, and to impress upon the audience the feeling that when out of the House this genial Englisher was a jolly good fellow. The idea is artistic, but unfortunately not correct. The Englisher goes to a soirée as a grave matter, and has a solid, serious way of doing it. To this man a wedding, a christening, a ball, or a burying, would have been alike. In the second act, Mr. Jordan played admirably, and recalled to my mind some of the French actors, who are especially good in such rôles as this.

Mr. Daly was the lover. He has a bad manner for a drummer; a great fault in that same terrible garment. About all that Mr. Daly had to do was to seem sweet and interesting, and he didn't do it.

The play was on the whole well treated, but made only a succès d'estime.

Something or other called "Our Clerks," was produced on the same night. The author, whoever he is (the affair is British), evidently intended to be funny, and is only vulgar and dismal. The oldest man in the audience couldn't tell what the plot was; indeed, it would puzzle that venerable individual (he is past one hundred and ten, and still enjoys good health) to discover any plot whatever. This terrible infliction nearly swamped the comedian, Mr. F. A. Vincent, whom I remember at Wallack's as a very clever man. I shall say no more about him until I see him in something else.

Miss Keene's preliminary canter is not considered to be very strong, but she is good for a long race, however slow she may appear at the start. The next piece to be done here is Palgrave Simpson's comedy, written on the Masks and Faces model, for Amy Sedgwick. It is called "The World and the Stage."

I forgot to mention, last week, that that excellent artist and popular gentleman, Mr. Mark Smith, was among the new members of Laura Keene's company. He is worth his weight in hot-house grapes and truffles, about the dearest things I know of.

Operatic.

The season, which is announced in rather Teutonic English as "One Week's Opera," is to commence on next Wednesday, with Cortesi in the Poliuto. Everybody, I think, will be glad to hear the Poliuto again. Brignoli, who has been very ill in consequence of drinking too much Congress water (so they say), did not wish to sing just now, preferring to save himself for for the rôle (a fine one) which he is to have in the *Vespre Siciliennes*, which is to be done in October. But it is now understood he will sing, so that the cast will be the same as that of last Summer.

Madame Anna Bishop has arrived here, and will give concerts through the country.

Things Generally.

Melpomene isn't to have a ghost of a chance in the New York theatres this Winter. There will not be a "tragedy company" in town. Mel. must pack up her cold pisen, get her bowie knife ground, and go on a visit to Pike's Opera House or Pike's Peak. I can't say that I am sorry or glad. Thalia is a nice sort of a Muse, and I like her; but sometimes the comedies are not funny to me, while the tragedies always are. It is good for Anna Maria, though, and so I ought to be delighted.

Mr. E. Forrest, tragedian, don't like it. He and Melpomene took the same train together. It is a long time since Edwin travelled with a lady. He, like the Apostles, has shaken the dust of the metropolis from off his feet and avows that he will never come within its gates again. We may survive it, but I trust he'll think better of it. Come Edwin, dearest, be a good boy, and have a look at the *Great Eastern*.

Melpomene was lastly a permanent resident at Niblo's, where Mr. Eddy lost money by her, and when Thalia came from the South with Burton, Mel. left between two days, saying she never could bear that horrid giggling thing. The discontented Muse has found a temporary lodgment with Mr. Bateman, at Wallack's, but she must soon give way to her old enemy. Mr. Eddy won't have her. He commences in October with Burton, who is followed by Barney Williams and wife, and so on.

Poor Melpomene!

"Geraldine" is still drawing good houses at Wallack's, and will be continued through this short season.

The Ravels crowd Niblo's every night. The company does not seem so good as usual, to me, but that's the case with molasses candy, of which I was once very fond. Hennecart, the new danseuse, is pretty, well-shaped, and has had a good school. I suspect she has come over here for practice; when she gets it, she'll be too high for this market. A handsome blonde danseuse would command no end of salary, to say nothing of presents and things, in Paris.

A Pair of Sweet Announcements.

The new hand on the *Times* and the manager of the Metropolitan Theatre are "brave stringers of fine words." Desiring simply to announce the name of the manager, the *Times* says, "Mr. Stuart, the genial "Amphitryon and the hero of intellectual successes "elsewhere, *will sway the public*, presiding over the feast "of reason and *dispensing, with liberal hand, the flow of* "*soul*." The manager calls the theatre, "The Winter "Garden, a Conservatory of the Arts, dedicated to the "Culture of Comedy, Music, and Ballet, by Agnes "Robertson."

If all the announcements are to be in this ornate style, Laura Keene's bill-editor had better patronise Graumann for half a pound of prussic acid at once. Stuart will drive him crazy.

However, let them do it. Anything that is new, in these horrid times, when one is bored with the same thing over and over again, is refreshing. I welcome Stuart's ample brow and expansive waistcoat with the same gladness as a weary mariner beholds a Fresnel-light, of the first order, flashing over the apparently boundless ocean.

The theatre, on dit, is charming. It will be opened before you hear again from the subscriber.

Let us wait The Event with composure.

Pericone.

Art Items.

— The work of placing the statue of Daniel Webster in the easterly yard of the State House at Boston is in progress, and it is proposed to set over against it in the westerly yard, the proposed statue of Horace Mann.

— The following is about the only witty paragraph we have seen in *Punch* for a month:—

We read in the *Athenæum*, that Sir Robert Smirke has resigned his place as a Royal Academician. We always labored under the delusion that no R. A. could resign, except by dying. If was a fine-art impression with us, that the honor of being elected one of the illustrious forty only terminated when Death came, and, in nautical lingo, "let go the painter." It seems, however, that this idea that the forty of the Royal Academy were as immortal as the *Quarante Immortels* of the Academie Francaise has only been on our part, a mortal mistake, and we are indebted to Sir Robert Smirke for having effectually cured us of it. Once a R.A. dos not necessary imply that you are always a R.A. Will other Royal Academicians have the modesty, or the pluck, to dis-R.A. themselves, in a similar manner, of a honor that they must feel they are no longer able, or worthy, of creditably supporting? If they do not, we shall take the liberty, in a week or two, of concocting an art *Index Expurgatorius*, in which they will find their names rudely printed at full length, accompanied with such comments as may probably bring the color called crimson on their cheeks.

— *Le Monde Illustré* says: "On peut faire un chef d'œuvre avec une simple figure, si on est vrai peintre; on ne fera qu'un tableau d'enseigne avec un beau sujet, si on est faux peintre."

— At a recent sale of paintings in London, a picture by Patrick Nasmyth brought seven hundred and fifty pounds. Poor Patrick never made more than sixty pounds a year! This picture, full of beauties, was the labor of a fortnight. A recent English journal thus contrasts the value of modern an ancient paintings:

In times gone past, a very large number of those who bought pictures, did so rather with an idea that they were accumulating furniture which would at any time realize a certain and considerable sum in the market, rather than for love of Art. This feeling has not yet passed away, but it does not exert so much influence as formerly. Sixty or seventy years ago, the fashion almost entirely ran upon paintings by the old masters; wonderful prices were often paid for indifferent or doubtful works, while pictures by Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilstie, and other leading artists of the English school sold for a comparatively small sum. But as years have passed, the value of works of the best of both the living and dead English painters has increased immensely. Pictures which has been originally sold for £50 have brought more than £1000.

New Motto for France.

L'empire c'est la paix-an gun!

— A New York mercantile house held an unsettled claim of long standing against a lame duck "out West;" and hearing he was becoming "well-to-do," sent their claim on to a Western lawyer to collect. In due time they received a reply, which effectually laid any hope they might have entertained of receiving their money. It ran in this wise: "Gents—You will never get any spondulic from Bill Johnson. The undersigned called upon him yesterday, and found him with nary tile; his feet upon the naked earth; and not clothes enough upon him *to swat a gun!*"

Goldbeck's Music Hall.

Mr. Robert Goldbeck will open on the 6th inst., his new music hall, 765 Broadway. It is the intention of Mr. Goldbeck to establish here a musical conservatory, affording to pupils an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the best piano-forte compositions of classical school. During the season there will be a series of classical subscription concerts free to the pupils, for which the best available talent will be secured. The plan is a good one, and Mr. Goldbeck has both energy and musical ability to carry it out.

NEW YORK CHESS ASSOCIATION.

A regular monthly meeting of the New York Chess Association was held at their rooms in the University Buildings, on Thursday evening. The President, Chas. D. Mead, Esq., reported, as Chairman of the Committee on Rooms, "That the New York Historical Society having expressed their readiness to vacate the adjoining room at once, instead of 1st October, the Committee would proceed at once to fit it up as a reading and conversation room for the Club, it being required by the increasing number of its members." The Club proceeded to the election of a Secretary to fill the place of Mr. Dodge, resigned. It was proposed that Mr. Monell be elected by vote as an acknowledgment for services rendered the Club, by leading and carrying into effect a movement for the improvement in its location and reorganisation. He having, however, declined the honor, the Club proceeded to ballot, with the following result: Murphy 1, Miller 1, Higgins 3, Howell 5, Monell 18. Whereupon William H. Monell was declared duly elected. He consented to serve, as the term of office only extends till April next. The Club now numbers 150 paying members, and is free from debt after paying the year's expenses and fitting new rooms.

Correspondence.

North Conway House, N. H.,
August 27, 1859.

My Dear Editor:—The rain of yesterday has "scoured" the "White Horse" over on the ledge, and this morning he appears unusually distinct—only the central portion of the head, all the legs, and the lower half of the body are wanting to make it look as much like a "white horse" as anything else.

A party have just left for the Ledges and Thompson's Falls, the ladies in "flats" and sans crinoline, and all with long staffs. They carried their dinner in bags and tin kettles, and had very much the air of pilgrims as they passed under my window. Think of tugging and scrambling up perpendicular ledges all the morning for the sake of taking your cold fare on the highest point! I wouldn't do it if they'd dine me there at the expense of their whole stock of doughnuts and apple-sauce.

Certainly the prospect is glorious this morning. The air is intoxicating. Every mountain is clearly defined against the perfect blue, and the soft white clouds take elfish shapes as they dance over their summits. That will do for a sober New Yorker, I guess. Besides, I don't like to infringe upon the rights of the tall spiritual gentleman, from Boston (of course). He "*does*" the mountains and the clouds. You ought to witness a frequent scene on our piazza. We are all sitting there quietly—gentlemen smoking (the gentleman from Boston doesn't smoke), ladies "*crocheting*," chatting, or reading, when suddenly some one rushes to the end of the piazza exclaiming: "Mr. C.! Mr. C.! *here's a cloud!*" Mr. C. springs from his seat and disappears cloud-like round the corner, his long light hair falling back from his "faultlessly chiseled" countenance. The next breeze from round the corner wafts back the music of his voice, something in this style—

"By Jove! Yes, fine! singular!" Boston people don't go into ecstasies, you know. It's "improper;" they search unceasingly for the beauties and wonders of nature, but you cannot catch one of them in an enthusiasm. I have not heard a strong adjective but once since I've been here, that was a few mornings since, when as usual we were on the piazza. A fine-looking young lady passing by stopped to converse a moment with one of our boarders—by the way quite a distinguished individual, even the late representative of his Majesty of the two Sicilies. "It is a *glorious* morning," she said. How my heart yearned towards that pretty lady. How did she dare to say "glorious?" Was she from Boston? I made industrious inquiry, and ascertained that she was born and bred in New York.

We had a visitation two days since of an organ-grinder who "struck up"

"*Fra poco a me*,"

from Lucia di Lammermoor. What do you suppose we did? Gave him a sixpence to "move on?" No, sir. We gave him instantly all the pennies and three-cent pieces we had about us. I think the "Fra poco," etc., would have been more appropriate after he had pocketed the change than before. Just then a messenger was despatched from our rival hotel to secure his services. We were disgusted. The honor of our house was at stake. Were those ——— (I won't mention the name of their house till they send pay to the Saturday Press for the advertisement) boarders going to luxuriate in a hand-organ, while we heard the music afar off? Not for "all the kingdoms by the sea." I was immediately commissioned to appeal to this wandering Apollo, in French, and the gentleman from Boston, do, in Italian, for his services during the entire evening in the dancing hall. Between us both we succeeded, invited him to supper, and when the hall was lighted he was escorted there and placed perpendicularly against the upper wall. He commenced to grind and we commensed to dance. Polka, Mazourka, Varsovians, Waltz, and the Lancers. Saint Polycarp! who shall say hereafter that organ-grinders are not a dispensation? The next morning I went down to breakfast rather late (by accident), and had the honor of a seat by the side of our musical hero.

I forgot to say that during that memorable evening we were treated regally to champagne, by another gentleman from Boston—an Alderman—and, by the way, an exception to the general rule that Aldermen are a half-starved race. I don't believe he'll like that remark; but I shall be in New York before he sees it; besides, I like him, so does everybody else—except the "golden headed cherubim" who set up the "ten pins"—and that ought to satisfy him.

Yesterday we had a reading in the grove. Another gentleman from Boston (you see their name is legion) selected the Autocrat's article in the August *Atlantic Monthly*, and gave the Professor's opinions on Phrenology with a savage delight, which suggested to me the probability that some Phrenologist had publicly given him due credit for his enormous "bump" of self-esteem. *Pis aller!* How that part of his head "looms up!" Human antipathies are usually accounted for in a very significant way. I am acquainted with a man who makes the sweeping assertion that the Scotch are a deceptive, lying people. I learned lately that he was once jilted by a "bonnie lassie." Another person thinks Chess a silly, time-destroying game. He doesn't know a pawn from a rook. Set that down as a fact. Another thinks dancing stupid, and horseback-riding a disgusting amusement. Look at him! He weighs 250 lbs. avoirdupois, and his flesh hangs on him like the old coats and pants on a scarecrow.

After all I'm homesick. I long to get back—even to the dirty streets of New York. "We *are* a one-horse people, *perhaps*," said Boston gentleman No. 4, to me the other day, "but we manage to keep clean!" "Small trouble that," I answered, "one Irishman with a good broom can sweep you all out before breakfast." Don't imagine that I dislike all Boston people—or that I dislike them generally—very far from it; for by the way the sweetest woman, and one of the most perfect ladies I ever saw, is among us now, and she is Boston born and bred, I believe. Sensible

enough to read Michelet's *L'Amour*—admire some parts, and be "shocked" at none. I see that the Boston Mercantile Library Association has ruled it out as immoral. That Association ought to have a weak dose of "peppermint tea," and be sent to bed.

How cool and delightful it is up here! I shall leave these old mountains with a sigh of real regret, though anxious to get home. Next Summer I shall recommend this place to my friends, and if we can make up a "jolly crew" I will join them. Mr. Mason is the polite, kind, gracious host that one does not sooner forget, than the excellent doughnuts and Indian puddings of his wife. She seems a gentle spirit

"Born to bless unseen,"

for though I have been here two weeks, I have scarcely caught a glimpse of her as many times. Addio.

Yours, always truly, N. S. C.

August 27, 1859.

Dear Press:—Do you want my opinion of the new play of "Geraldine?" My dear fellow, consider: five acts in a jam—August! The air was alive with fans, my shirt-collar in utter collapse. Notices of this production appeared in the dailies. The *Herald* swallowed it unqualifiedly—one might think it the best since Shakespeare; the *Tribune* was severely jocose, and utterly contemptuous; the *Times* preserved an amiable medium. I'll spare you a story of the plot. You can find it in papers of 23rd.

The strength of the piece lies in the fierce and crooked heroine's husband loving his wife's sister Edith, and being loved in return. After several intimations of this fact, assurance comes to the disturbed lady thus: the knight is wounded in a combat, and anticipating an exit, sends his bloodstained scarf and dying words to Edith. To his wife—nothing. He had no thought for her. His fleeting soul was wrapt in the one he loved. Climax: struggle of the imperious Geraldine between tenderness for her gentle sister, and fury at her wrong. Tenderness triumphs. Kissings and clasping. Tableau—very good! Soon a revengeful monk, hating Geraldine, tells her that her husband, now convalescent, and Edith, both sneer at her deformity. Dagger for Edith. Scene. Edith proves the falsehood. More kissing and clasping.

Geraldine, finally concluding that what can't be cured must not be endured, takes poison and gives the lovers a chance.

The play, as lately curtailed, is far from being a bore, the immense personality and fine acting of both Miss Heron and Couldock, keep attention riveted; yet the piece lacks pathos. The known cruelty of Geraldine in the first act, destroys sympathy for her. All eyes were enchained, but few moistened. We gazed on a fine work of art, but we kept cool. And it's as well we did, considering the weather.

The piece, beyond a mediocre banquet-scene in the first act, lacks spectacle. The period lies in the time of Edward the First. The actors are costumed with tolerable accuracy, but the ladies' heads are dressed in the style of the present day. Why is this? Because an American theatre finds wardrobe for actors, but none for actresses? New grievance for the Woman's Rights ladies! This is not the case in Europe. There, both sexes in the profession are equally costumed, and afford a most interesting study of history. But what does the great American people know or care about the past? It has none of its own, and lives in the present and the future. It crowds theatres, let costumes be as they will, and managers are content.

A word upon the actors. Mr. Couldock is an artist of great power in all parts where diabolism is the essential; and here also Miss Heron shines. Will she oblige us by Lady Macbeth and Margaret of Burgundy before she leaves? How splendidly Couldock would second her in both!

Sothern, in this new play, the immortal Lord Dundreary, is a nonentity. He is a very bad tragedian, and a poor reader, at all times, and here has no chance for effective points.

Miss Orton is a quite pretty acquisition to the stage. Her face is good, and figure perfect. She shows knowledge of her art, and powers of no common order. A year since we saw her in the nebulæ of the ballet; she has absented herself, and returns to us a lovely moon.

And Walcot's fool! How little to say, and how well said! Ah, he is an actor, that man!

That will do, will it not? Who wants the plot? Who wants an intellectual analysis? And besides, as I look in this morning's Press, doth not the Able Editor himself discourse commendation? Doth not a fair lady with a poetic name discourse with learned art? And doth not the all-convulsing *Personæ* give intimations of an intended descent upon Wallack's, in his salutation of to-day, fresh and sparkling from his country tour?

Personæ was my luxury. I have lost him for a month. In despair, I took to four-cent peaches. He has returned, and I can laugh again. We shall have enough of Geraldine. Not too much.

The *Herald's* watering-place correspondence discourseth of a literary doctor who has published six works, the publication being effected at his own expense, and the books being disposed of gratis to his friends, who indulges daily every Summer, in a *ground bath*. Only think! The mode is this: He selects a spot where the ladies do not walk, digs a hole five feet deep, undresses, gets in, sits for an hour in the "bosom of his mother earth," and with mouldy savor returns to the bosom of society. I met him. He came to said watering-place to enjoy the converse of a lady whom he had met a few days before in town. The lady was startled from her sleep in the early morning, by a servant with a pail of water at her door, fresh from the "pure spring," and adorned with garlands, accompanied by a request from the gentleman that she should wash in it. He had theories about pure spring water. Convulsion, of course, of the lady and her friends.

Such men are philanthropists. They give spice to life. I know one who painted his room-floor green, like grass; ceiling blue, like the sky; and walls, fog color, like the air, thereby getting close to nature in his hourly surroundings.

My dear Press, as my talk is of froth, and I say what comes uppermost, I'll descant upon a heavy Swell whom I have just met, fresh from a European tour. In London, heavy Swell needed a coat. Poole, Louis Napoleon's late tailor, of course—Burlington street, frescoed walls,—flunkeys in powder and plush breeches, to open the glass doors. Swell was impressed; Swell suggested a blue. Grand tailor frowned. "Don't make blue coats now, sir. Nothing but black, now, sir." "Well, I'll see the cloth." "No occasion to see the cloth, sir; we'll suit you, sir."

Swell was meek, and mildly suffered the measure.

Swell was a stranger, yet coat was sent home without a question, and tick given with magnificent indifference. Swell, of course, called and paid the bill (15 per cent. less than a New York tailor's), and shows the coat admiringly to his friends.

Ah, let me see—Hennecart! I thought I had forgotten something—charming Hennecart! whom I descanted on in my last! I lately sought a few words from her. One must have something to write about, you know.

The fair creature was announced as an Italian, she had never heard of the announcement, and turns out to be French-German as she looks. She said she had not "*du tout le type Italien*," she was "*entièrement Prussien*." She agreed with me that the Ravel Company was the best of its kind in the world, and said, "*la troupe est très bien montée*."

There were the same blue eyes and fair hair that had kindled poetry in my heart the night before; the cheek was thinned, and pared of its roundness, by excessive exercise, but the whole vision was modest, gentle, and good.

Strange, to look on the lovely creature, and think what astonishing things she can do with her legs!

Rehearsal from ten till two. Dinner—a little walk—a little shopping—sleep—performance—supper—bed. Such is the life of a Ravel dancer. Such is the life of many others.

"Numero."

Chess Column

OF

The New York Saturday Press.

SEPTEMBER 3D, 1859.

Replies and Remarks.

— In an old heraldic work by Gerard Legh, entitled the *Accidens of Armory*, and published at London in 1568, we find the following passage: "For as al castels have fower special towers to garde them from their enemies, so hath that square cheste borde fower of these that standeth to garde the Kinges and Queenes, with all the people thereon. This pastime did that vallaunt prince, King William the conqueror, so much use, that some time he lost whole lordshippes thereat, as in Lincolnshire, and else where I think the auncient evidences thereof can declare."

— There is a very pretty little quarrel now in progress between the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, of Boston, and the blatant *Lynn News*. Our modesty, as usual, makes us shrink from interfering with the affairs of our neighbors, but we feel compelled, from motives of humanity, to entreat the *Gazette* to spare its unhappy adversary. Let it imitate the lofty example of the SATURDAY PRESS in its treatment of provincial sheets. Philadelphia bears about the same relation to New York that Lynn does to Boston.

— In an old poem on the life and acts of Richard the First, is this verse:

And Kyng Richard stode and pleyd
At the Chesse yn his galey.

— I recollect having, some years ago, seen (says Trim), near Tetuan, several Moors sitting cross-legged on the ground, which was divided by lines, playing at chess, with black and white pebbles of different sizes.

— Hyde tells us that Louis the XIIIth, of France, had a chessboard quilted with wool, the men each with a point at the bottom; by which means he played when riding in a carriage, sticking the men in the cushion.

— Rousseau was very inexpert at chess, though an enthusiastic admirer of it; he was accustomed, when at Paris, to spend many hours daily at the Café de la Régence.

— Since the visit of Mr. Morphy to Boston, the *Saturday Evening Gazette* (viewed in the chess aspect), has become gloomy and misanthropic. It no longer has faith in man; it growls, and grumbles, and groans in unutterable despair; it tears its hair; it attacks individuals of the human race promiscuously, and quarrels with its neighbors generally. Shall we confess that we can guess the origin of all this woe? Our brain is weighty with a surmise, which our horror of scandal forbids us to whisper in the reader's ear. When the memoirs of the SATURDAY PRESS are written, we shall take care to confer a ray of our immortality upon the deserving portion of the provincial chess-columns of the land. Among these we rank the *Lynn News* and the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, the former for its superlative dullness and constantly diminishing wisdom, the latter for the depth and sincerity of that penance which has been forced upon it by its sins. Pity the sorrows of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*.

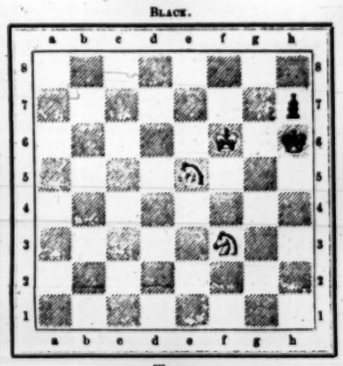
— The regular chess-editor of the SATURDAY PRESS is enjoying the verdant fields, the airy breezes, the gorgeous sunrise, the incense-breathing mornings and dewey evenings of the country. This week's column is the joint labor of his several assistants, which accounts for its unusual interest.

— The Philidor-Atwood games will be commenced immediately.

PROBLEM NO. 32.

By GIAMBATISTA LOLLI.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Cricketing for the Nursery.

Give a child a bat and it'll ball.

A One-Horse Joke

Can a horse's neigh be regarded as an equine negative?

A New Store.

Meriam is a public character. There are various reports current respecting Meriam. Some say that he is at present engaged in preparing a new edition of Baron Munchausen, with his own embellishments.

We are, however, inclined to the belief of the rumor, that he is about to open a Dry Goods Store in opposition to Lord and Taylor's, the chief attraction to be his new article, "Silkery of the Skies." He is said to have engaged Major Longbow as shop-walker.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending September 3, 1859.

Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete. By Bayard Taylor. With steel portraits, "Delphi," and the Church of St. Basil, Moscow. 1 vol., 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1859.

The Mohicans of Paris. A New and Original Novel. Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859.

The Surgeon's Daughter: and Castle Dangerous. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. [Library of Standard Novels.] 1859.

Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens ("Boz"). Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. [Peterson's Uniform edition of Charles Dickens's Works. 1859.

The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish. A Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from drawings by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo., pp. 474. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. 1859.

Motorpathy and Motion Life. Combined and Revised from former editons. By H. Halsted, M. D., pamphlet, pp. 149. Northampton, Metcalf & Co., 1859.

Miss Leslie's Behavior Book; a Guide and Manual for Ladies, as regards their Conversation, Manners, Dress, Introduction, Entree to Society, Shopping, Conduct in the Street, at Places of Amusement, in Travelling, at the Table, either at Home, in Company, or at Hotels; Deportment in Gentlemen's Society, Lips, Complexion, Teeth, Hands, the Hair, etc., etc. With full Instructions and Advice in Letter-Writing, Receiving Presents, Incorrect Words, Borrowing, Obligations to Gentlemen, Offenses, Children, Decorum in Church, at Evening Parties, and full Suggestions in Bad Practices and Habits easily contracted, which no Young Lady should be Guilty of, etc., etc. By Miss Eliza Leslie, authoress of "Miss Leslie's Celebrated New Cookery Book," "Miss Leslie's New Receipts for Cooking," etc. 12 mo. pp. 336. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother. 1859.

Dinsmore's American Railroad and Steam Navigation Guide for the United States, Canada, etc. September, 1859. New York: Dinsmore & Co.

Life of Davy Crockett. Written by Himself. Comprising His Early Life, Hunting Adventures, Services under General Jackson in the Creek War, Electioneering Speeches, Career in Congress, Triumphal Tour in the Northern States, and Services in the Texan War. To which is added an Account of Colonel Crockett's Glorious Death at the Alamo, while fighting in Defence of Texan Independence. By the Editor. 12mo., pp. 408. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. 1859.

Illustrated History of the War in Italy: embracing a description of Northern and Central Italy, Geographical Analysis of Places of Interest, Personal Sketches of Prominent Actors, Origin and Causes of the War, and a Complete History from its Commencement to its Close. Embellished with Maps and Engravings fully illustrative of the Geography and Scenes of Exciting Interest, with portraits of Prominent Actors in the War. By J. E. Teal, author of an "Historical Analysis of the Eastern War." "A Review of the Diplomatic Policy of the American War," etc., etc. 12mo., pp. 321. New York: J. G. Wells. 1859.

Sylvia's World. Crimes which the Law does not reach. By the author of "Busy Moments of an Idle Woman." 12mo pp. 334. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

— A letter in *Galignani*, from Cattaro, states that Prince Danilo, who had instituted a military medal, has distributed it to the officers and soldiers of his army who distinguished themselves at the battle of Grahovo. The claims of the Montenegrin warriors were established in rather a singular manner; all those who had killed a Turk and *produced his nose* to the prince received the medal.

GERALDINE.

(Opinions of the Press.)

From the New York Herald.

"Geraldine" enters upon the second week this evening. As its success is now a fact admitted, every one will go to see it, it is remarkably well played by Matilda Heron, Miss Orton, Couldock, Walcot, Southern and others.

The piece is a masterly production of its kind, and is quite a literary relief in these days of absurd and ridiculous literary creations. The accomplished authoress has shown herself well versed in the history, customs and language of the times of which she wrote, and we trust that she may reap an abundant harvest as a reward of her toil and industry.

The piece will be continued every night until further notice.

From the Daily Times.

Miss Heron was repeatedly called for, and the curtain was raised two or three times in response to the acclamations of the audience. At the conclusion of the play the appearance of the lady was again demanded, and she received the hearty plaudits of the audience.

From the Daily News, August 27:

WALLACK'S.

Miss Matilda Heron, with the new and popular play of "Geraldine," continues to draw crowds to this house. The piece improves as we become more familiar with it, and is destined, contrary to the wise givings-out of some would-be critics, to be one of the standard plays for our stage. No one should fail of seeing it.

From the Evening Post:

Miss Heron, as Geraldine, as usual acted superbly, and was well seconded by the others on the stage. Mr. Couldock deserves special praise for his vivid rendering of the old Bard. The author was called for at the conclusion of the play, and Mr. Bateman appeared, announcing it as the production of his wife.

From the Saturday Press:

In plot, in development, in language, in sustained interest—in fact, in all the qualities that go to make up a good tragedy—it is a brilliantly successful effort, and places Mrs. Bateman at the head of the dramatic writers of the country.

From Porter's Spirit:

"Geraldine" is surely a "living play," and we do not doubt that it will claim a high place in the dramatic literature of our own country, while it will attract not only full, but intelligent audiences where there exists a taste for the highest class of theatrical representations.

From the Sunday Courier:

"Geraldine" has been pronounced by competent critics the best original drama that has been brought out in this country.

From the Dispatch.

We do not believe that so clever a play, so perfectly original, so unlike anything that we can remember, could have been written in this day of lightning presses, steam engines, and French adaptations. But it is a refreshing fact that Mrs. Bateman the authoress, has shown the courage as well as the talent to write up not down to the taste of the play-goers of this our own day and generation—that in a genuine tradgedy of the strictly romantic school she has given to the best female artist our stage can boast a task which is no light one—the impersonation of a true woman, who can love, despair, and die, not with the unmeaning antics of a tragic queen, but with the calm logical determination of a stoic.

From the Atlas.

At Wallack's, Miss Heron and the new five act tradgedy "Geraldine" have attracted large and fashionable audiences.

From the Sunday Times.

Miss Heron has made a grand success in Mrs. Bateman's new play. To Mrs. Bateman as a poetess, the piece does large credit. It has also the merit of much dramatic intensity.

Advertisements.

N. B.—No arrangement of any kind can be made for editorial notices of articles advertised in THE SATURDAY PRESS. Such notices may appear, but they will, in all cases, be purely voluntary, and will be forwarded or endorsed to the opinion of the Editor, who recognizes no relation whatever between the editorial and the business departments of the paper. This notice becomes necessary from the fact that respectable houses are constantly sending us elaborately prepared puffs, which they expect us to insert—according to the custom of other journals—as expressing the views of the Editor.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Ten cents a line for the first two insertions.
Five cents a line for every subsequent insertion.

NOTICE.

Advertisements should be sent in, if possible, before Thursday noon; the paper goes to press Friday noon.

BOOKS, ETC.

SCHOOL-BOOK HOUSE.

IVISON & PHINNEY,

Nos. 48 and 50 Walker street, N. Y.,

(11 doors West of No. 401 Broadway,)

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS,

Publish and offer the leading

SCHOOL & COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS,

SCHOOL STATIONERY, etc,

To Booksellers, Merchants, etc, at Lowest Prices.

Descriptive Catalogues, with Terms, sent prepaid on request.

TEACHERS' FREE READING ROOM, open during business hours.

Ready Saturday, 10th September.

RHYMES OF TWENTY YEARS,

By HENRY MORFORD,

Of which the publication has been delayed in order to add

ADDITIONAL POEMS,

Will be positively ready on

Saturday, 10th September.

Those who wish to secure copies of the first edition, will do well to order without delay.

H. DEXTER & CO., Publishers,

No. 113 Nassau street, N. Y.

T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston.

THE AMERICAN

EDUCATIONAL SERIES

OF

School and College Text-Books;

In whole or in part officially adopted by the State Superintendents of Public Instruction and Boards of Education in nearly every State in the Union.

15,000,000

have been sold, and the circulation is steadily increasing.

IVISON & PHINNEY,

Publishers, Nos. 48 and 50 Walker street, N. Y.,

11 doors West of No. 401 Broadway.

SHELDON & COMPANY,

No. 115 Nassau street, New York,

WILL PUBLISH THIS WEEK

NEW EDITIONS of the following books, formerly published by DELISSER & PROCTER.

I.

FAMILY PRAYERS and PRAYERS ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS; to which is added a Family Commentary upon the Sermon on the Mount. By HENRY THORNTON, M.P., edited by RANDOLPH KEIMPTON.

1 vol., 12mo., Cloth, price 75 cents.
The same, bevelled boards, red edges, $1.

II.

The HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY; consisting of the lives of celebrated characters. In 12 volumes, cardboard binding. 32mo.; Price of each volume, 50 cents.

III.

The WORDS OF JESUS CHRIST and the FAITHFUL PROMISE. Complete in
1 vol., 18mo., red edges. Price 37 cents.

NEARLY READY.

Four new volumes of the "Household Library."

THE LIFE OF THOMAS A'BECKET,
" " HANNIBAL,
" " VITTORIA COLLONNA,
" " JULIUS CESAR,

18mo. Price of each, 50 cents.

EARLY ORDERS FROM THE TRADE SOLICITED.

BOOKS, ETC.

GREELEY'S

LETTERS FROM CALIFORNIA.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

The *Sacramento Union*, in alluding to Mr. Greeley's visit to California, says:

"His letters from this State to THE TRIBUNE will be watched for with interest, and if they should not be the most valuable ever written from this country, the importance they will have from being more extensively read and believed than all the accounts ever published about California, may well excuse the anxiety we shall feel to know what Greeley has said of us."

Mr. Greeley's letters will all appear in THE DAILY, WEEKLY, and SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE. Terms: Daily, $6; Semi-Weekly, $3—ten copies or over, to one address, $2 each; Weekly Tribune, $1—twenty copies or over, to one address, $1 each, and an extra copy to the getter-up of the Club.

Address

HORACE GREELEY & CO.,
Tribune Buildings, New York.

Book-Buyers at the Trade Sale

Will find it to their advantage to call at

THAYER & COLTON'S

NEW MAP ESTABLISHMENT,

18 Beekman street (up stairs), New York.

*** Very liberal discounts to Booksellers and Agents.

Herbert's

HINT'S TO HORSE KEEPERS.

(FRANK FORRESTER'S LAST WORK.)

Price $1 25. Sent by mail, free of postage.

CONTAINS EVERYTHING A HORSE-KEEPER NEEDS TO KNOW ABOUT THE HORSE.

Just published by

A. O. MOORE & CO.,

Agricultural Book Publishers, No. 140 Fulton street, N. Y.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND."

The Pioneer of Cheap Music in America.

No. 39.—Volume III.

PUBLISHED AUGUST 25TH.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

CONTENTS:

THE VIOLANTE WALTZES, . . . C. D. ALBERT.
ORIGINAL GORLITZA, ... A. VARIN.
WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS ARE FALLING, (New Song, written expressly for this Publication.) . . . H. SANDERSON.
FADING LEAVES (Ballad), . . G. A. MACFARREN.
THE SPECULATION GALLOP, . . A. LEUTNER.

No. 40—Volume III.

PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 1ST.

CONTENTS:

MELODIES FROM THE OPERA OF LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, . . DONIZETTI.
EVENING BY THE SEASIDE (New Song), . . LAUTENSCHLAGER.
COME BACK TO MY HEART, LOVE (Ballad), . . GLOVER.
LA BELLE AGNES VALSE, . . G. MARCAILHOU.

For sale at every News Depot and Bookstore in the United States.

Office 107 Nassau street, N. Y.

C. B. SEYMOUR & CO.

*** Removed from 13 Frankfort street.

N. B.—Volumes I. and II., handsomely bound in Cloth, Gilt Covers, comprising 17 Nos., or 204 pages of Popular Music each, at $2 50 apiece.

THE NEW

"DOLLAR"

STEREOSCOPE,

With prismatic lenses, equal in power to the more expensive instruments. Brothers' new improved Stereoscope, for containing 25 or 50 Views, a beautiful parlor ornament, at about half the price of his former ones. Hand instruments in great variety. Also an extensive assortment of Views. Groups, colored and plain, Landscapes, Public buildings, etc., taken in all parts of the world. New Views by Elliott just received.

PAUL & CURTIS,

DEALERS IN

Stereoscopes and Stereographs,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

439 Broadway (near Howard st.), up stairs.

STEVENS' HISTORY OF METHODISM,

Volume II.,

Is now through the Press (July 23rd).

Price, 12mo. Edition, ... $1 00
" 8vo. Edition, ... 2 00

The first two volumes are complete in themselves, as they conclude the "LIFE AND TIMES OF WESLEY." They will be sold independently of the subsequent volumes.

Notices of the Press:

From the New York Independent.

From the breadth of view taken by Dr. Stevens, we have no doubt that thinking men will derive from his work, when finished, the most complete and full idea of Methodism, as seen from within, that has ever been published.

From the American Theological Review.

Methodism has at length found its historian. It is altogether the best work, and the most thorough, upon this subject yet published.

From the New York Observer.

A signal and valuable contribution to Church history.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

If the subsequent volumes are as successfully executed as this, Dr. Stevens will have done immeasurably more than any former historian of Methodism to diffuse beyond the Methodist Church a correct appreciation of the most wonderful movement of the last century.

From the Evening Post.

This work has met with great favor from the press of nearly all religious denominations, from the Princeton *Quarterly* to the Boston *Unitarian Review*. The latter places it above D'Aubigné in important respects. The London *Athenæum*, usually hostile to American books, pronounces it by far the best history of Methodism ever published. It is not written for a sectarian purpose, but for the literary public, and its catholic spirit is universally admitted.

CARLTON & PORTER,

No. 200 Mulberry street, N. Y.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPER OFFICE,

827 Broadway.

ILLUSTRATED NEWS, $6 per year; Single Copies 15 cents. "Punch," "Punch," "Bell's," "Lloyd's," and many others equally cheap. A large supply of, popular London Books, Magazines, etc., etc.

Observe 827 Broadway.

CHS. D. DEMARAY,

NEWS AND DISTRIBUTING AGENT,

Nos. 115 and 117 Nassau street, N. Y.

Distributing Agent SATURDAY PRESS. Dealer in all the WEEKLY PAPERS, MAGAZINES, CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, etc. Cards, Circulars, etc., distributed at reasonable rates per thousand. Books, Papers, etc., left on sale, or otherwise, at all News Stands and Stores in Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, Hoboken, and New York, at the lowest rates for cash.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND:

The Pioneer of Cheap Music in America.

12 pages usual full size of Music weekly for 10 cents.

CONTAINING

MUSIC THAT IS POPULAR, GOOD, NOT DIFFICULT;

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

FOR THE VOICE, The Salon,

THE BALL-ROOM.

Each number contains from 5 to 6 pieces. All the best composers of the country write for the "Friend;" every family that is represented in it. A copy is sufficient for six months and piece of the Home Circle, of an instalment each of which can be found in the "Friend." Sent by mail for $1 a-year, and in proportion for a shorter period.

The First and Second Volumes, comprising 17 Nos., or 204 pages each, viz: No. 1 to 17—No. 18 to 34, elegantly bound in Cloth, Gilt Cover, can be had at $2 50 a-piece.

Published and copyrighted, C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., 107 Nassau street, New York.

Removed from 13 Frankfort street.

BOOKS, ETC.

The New Map Establishment,

No. 18 Beekman street, N. Y., (up stairs.)

THAYER & COLTON,

PUBLISHERS OF

COLTON'S MAPS.

HORACE THAYER, late Thayer, Bridgman & Fanning.
G. WOOLWORTH COLTON, late J. H. Colton & Co.

A full assortment of American and European

Mounted and Pocket Maps,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Map Drawing, Engraving, Printing,

COLORING & MOUNTING, for the trade.

ADVERTISING MAPS,

For Railroad Posters, Reports, &c.

☞ George Woolworth Colton is well-known as a practical Map-Designer for the past 15 years.

*** Agents wanted in all parts of the country.

TO THE

Book and Stationery Trade.

SUPERIOR ENVELOPES

MADE BY MACHINERY.

SAMUEL RAYNOR,

No. 118 William street, New York,

Begs leave to call the attention of the "Book Trade" to the Extensive Assortment, and Superior Quality of Envelopes manufactured by him.

Having recently enlarged his manufacturing department, he is enabled to make

A Million and a half of Envelopes Every Week,

and he will warrant that no other manufacturer can make a better article, or sell cheaper.

His *Self-feeding*, Folding Machines, can make as

Perfect Envelopes as De la Rue's in London.

The kinds and styles embrace every desirable variety of quality, size, color, and pattern, from the very lowest price, to the very best quality, and from the very smallest size to the largest size—including Blue and White, Cloth lined, made from English paper.

Envelopes of any size made to order.

Also, Writing Papers—Foolscap, Letter, Bath, Note, and Billet, with Legal Cap, Counting House Cap, and Bill Cap, sold at Mill Prices. All offered on the usual credit, or a discount off for cash.

Samples with trade list of prices furnished when requested, and sent by mail free of postage.

Booksellers and Stationers from all parts of the country are invited to call when in the city, and examine his stock of Envelopes.

SAMUEL RAYNOR,

118 William, near John street, New York.

BROADWAY POPULAR LIBRARY,

827 Broadway.

TERMS: One Cent per Day; Twenty-five Cents per Month; Two Dollars per Year. All the New Books, English and American, as soon as published.

WINES, ETC.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,

A. M. BININGER, RUFUS WATTLES, JAMES W. FREELAND,

Established 1770.

Importers of Wines, Brandies, etc.,

No. 338 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

Beg to attract the particular attention of Families, local and abroad, to their choice stock of

Wines, Cognacs, Cordials, Sauces, Teas, Coffee, (THEIR OF A VERY SUPERIOR QUALITY,) etc., etc.

To those residing in the country where great difficulties almost invariably present themselves in procuring a recherche article, adapted to the requirements of the more refined classes, this notice is peculiarly opportune; prepared, as we are, to forward purchases, either in the WOOD, or in CASES of ONE DOZEN EACH.

To the following Brands especially we attach great importance:

Bininger's "V O P" Cognac.
Bininger's Q Q Q Cognac.
Bininger's South Side Madeira, Vintage 1832.
Bininger's Tarazona Madeira.
Bininger's XVIII. Century Port.
Bininger's "Palacio" Sherry.
Bininger's "Pioneila."
Bininger's Jamaica Rum [3 C 1848] (from London Docks).
Bininger's old Kentucky Bourbon "1849 Reserve."
Bininger's London Dock Gin.
Our Clarets are not surpassed in the market.

The above are not only commendable for their cheering qualities, but from their Purity (guaranteed by the standard of our Firm), possess Nutritive, Medicinal, and Recuperative qualities, which render their presence in the household highly desirable.

Ladies' Drinks:

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE,
MARASCHINO,
CURACO,
ANISETTE,
ABSINTHE,
NOYEAU,
etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

The above have ever met with the most unequivocal commendation.

PORTER, ALE, STOUT.

It is a well-known fact that every medical man in England recommends STOUT or PORTER, according to the strength of the constitution of the patient, in cases of Delicate Female Health. Of all the Stouts so used, HIBBERT'S is the most universally recommended. There is a good seat of the Duchess of Kent: "Hibbert's Porter," said her Grace, "makes me Stout!"

Circulars, containing list of articles and prices, forwarded to those requiring them.

Purchases forwarded to any part of the country.

WINES, COGNACS, etc., etc., sent in the WOOD, or in CASES OF ONE DOZEN EACH.

IN CASES OF ONE DOZEN EACH.

IN CASES OF ONE DOZEN EACH.

MEDICAL ETC.

THE

Bergen Heights Water Cure

AND

INVALID'S HOME,

OR

INTEGRAL HEALTH INSTITUTE.

JUSTUS SMITH, Proprietor.

Dr. S. P. ANDREWS, Mrs. M. B. ANDREWS, } Resident Physicians in Charge.

Dr. C GOETZE, Dr. O. K. SAMMIS, } Special Consulting Physicians, assisted by a Corps of able Medical Advisers, or Consulting Physicians, residing in New York.

COCOAINA,

A Compound of Cocoanut Oil, best known as

Dr. BENJAMIN'S HAIR RESTORATIVE,

is the only preparation in the world that will really restore the hair. Its renovating powers are truly wonderful.

NONE NEED BE BALD

who will try this remedy, and persevere in it long enough to give it a chance to operate on the roots of the hair, and renew their natural life and vigor.

Try it once, and you will surely be satisfied to continue. It will also cleanse the hair, impart to it a beautiful brightness, and render it soft, glossy, luxuriant, and inclined to curl.

Sold only at the MEDICAL AGENCY, 743 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

K. CRUGER, Agent.

GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, it is well known, cures *TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, SALT RHEUM, BARBER'S ITCH, CHAPS, CHAPES, TENDER FLESH, &c.*, leaving behind the rose and clearing complexion ever invented. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removes hair from low foreheads, upper lips, or any part of the body, safely and quickly, unwetted. LIQUID ROUGE for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE for flushed, red, and heated faces. HAIR DYE, instantly converts red, gray, or light hair to a beautiful brown, without staining the skin. HAIR RESTORATIVE for the hair to grow, and make soft, curly hair soft, glossy, and flowing. Found at Dr. GOURAUD'S old established depot, No. 67 WALKER Street, first store from Broadway. Sold by Mrs. HAYES, Brooklyn, and Druggists generally.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.

Madame CORTESI. Madame GASSIER.

In order to afford to the public an opportunity of hearing the two celebrated Prima Donne of Max Maretzek's Havana Opera Company, prior to their leaving the United States, arrangements have been made with the directors of the Academy of Music for

One Week's Opera,

to commence on

Wednesday, Sept. 7th,

when

Madame GASSIER and Madame CORTESI

will each appear in

THREE of THEIR GREATEST CHARACTERS.

The following popular artists will appear on the same occasion:

Signor BRIGNOLI,
Signor GASSIER,
Signor AMODIO, and
Signor JUNCA,

Thus presenting an ensemble complete and perfect in every detail.

The Orchestral and Choral Departments will be on the same scale of efficiency and liberality as usual at that celebrated establishment.

Musical Director and Conductor, - - MAX MARETZEK

Madame CORTESI and Madame GASSIER

will immediately leave for Boston, and will appear at th Boston Theatre, on MONDAY, SEPT. 19.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

H. L. BATEMAN, - - - - - - - Manager.

The period for which Mr. BATEMAN had secured this popular establishment having nearly expired, he regrets to state that

GERALDINE

CAN ONLY BE GIVEN FOR

NINE NIGHTS LONGER.

INTENSE ENTHUSIASM

Displayed by the most

BRILLIANT
and
FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES

EVER ATTRACTED

BY AN AMERICAN PLAY,

and by the

GREAT
TRAGIC
ARTIST,
MATILDA
HERON,

Supported by a company of

ACKNOWLEDGED
EXCELLENCE.

MATILDA HERON

as the

HUNCHBACK BRIDE,
GERALDINE.

THE MOST COMPLETE AND SUBLIME

CREATION OF HER EXALTED GENIUS.

Mr. COULDOCK

as the

WELSH BARD,

a character in which his tragic powers appear to the highest advantage,

THE CURSE

Holds the audience

SPELLBOUND

With its awful force.

Mr. WALCOT, AS THE JESTER,

one of the most complete and exquisite of this capital actor's many

CELEBRATED

IMPERSONATIONS.

Mr. SOTHERN as THE CRUSADER,

a character in which his refined and intelligent bearing appears to the

BEST ADVANTAGE.

Miss JOSEPHINE ORTON,

The Lovely and Natural

YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESS,

As the gentle EDITH.

BOOKS---NEW AND OLD.

MAURAN & PHILES,

No. 55 Cedar Street,

(4 doors below the Postoffice,)

Call attention to their list of books, in all languages, on

ANGLING,
ASTRONOMY,
ANTIQUITY,
BIBLIOGRAPHY,
BLAZONRY,
BELLES-LETTRES,
CHEMISTRY,
CHESS,
CALVINISM,
DESIGNING,
DEMONOLOGY,
DIETETICS,
ETHNOLOGY,
ETHICS,
ETYMOLOGY,
FINE ARTS,
FALCONRY,
FINANCE,
GEOGRAPHY,
GEOLOGY,
GEOMETRY,
HISTORY,
HETERODOXY,
HYPOCHONDRIA,

and so on through the whole Alphabet of learning.

No. 55 CEDAR STREET, 4 doors below the Postoffice.

MAURAN & PHILES

INSURANCE.

Three-Fourths of the Profits of the

business divided annually to

POLICY-HOLDERS.

Continental Insurance Co.,

18 Wall street, New York.

CASH CAPITAL, ... $500,000 00
ASSETS, July 1, 1859, ... 905,681 84
LIABILITIES, ... 16,514 37

The attention of the community is respectfully called to the following features in connection with this Company:

First—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

First Division to Policy Holders, 1857, 33 1-3 per cent.
Second do. do. do. 1858, 50 " "
Third do. do. do. 1859, 50 " "

Second.—The security given, which is already large, will constantly increase with each year of successful operation. This is exhibited clearly in the following statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted.

July, 1856, Net Assets possessed by the Company		$570,343 43
" 1857, " " " " "		649,719 54
" 1858, " " " " "		751,906 52
" 1859, Gross Assets,		905,681 84
" " Liabilities,		16,514 37

Third.—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapness.

GEO. T. HOPE, President.

H. H. LAMPORT, Secretary.
CYRUS PECK, Assistant Secretary.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF BOSTON,

Have just declared a DIVIDEND ON PREMIUMS paid and earned the last five years, payable in cash to all the policy holders, as follows:—

35 per cent. to all members since	1853.	
30 " " " "	1854.	
20 " " " "	1855.	
The Dividend is declared on the following basis:		
Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,395,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$880,361 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	80,000 00	
Estimate of loans not heard from,	20,

A MORAL TALE.

[In which a great deal is left to the imagination of the very moral reader.]

BY A. F. BANES.

On, on she sped, with fearful look,
Along the living street,
Until she reached a darksome nook,
Where roaring waters meet;
And there, apart from human eyes,
An erring mother kissed her child—
A frowning cloud obscured the skies,
As though the sight defiled.

O! God! what agony on that brow,
She prays, and, praying, reels,—
Poor girl! no use in praying now,
"The world" is at your heels:
On, on it presses with its sneer,
Its hoot and execration,
Religion owns for thee no tear—
Its tear were desecration.

Affrighted Nature cries, "Hold! hold!
Brave, brave the world!
Fiend, is your mother heart *all* cold?"
Her brain in frenzy whirled.
"Cold?" That mother's heart was boiling,
O'ersurging with affection,
As her infant, round her coiling,
Sipped its sweet refection;
O! how her eye did fondly beam,
Upon her beauteous babe—
Horror! she started as from a dream,
And with despairing rave,
She hurled it headlong in the stream,
Warm from its first repast,—
Better "Fiend!" "Infanticide,"
Than Society's Outcast.

One palsied look, away she flew,
Spurred on by that deep hell,
Another hour, too well she knew,
Were Reputation's knell.

Unnoticed she had gained her room;
The morning saw her at her work;
By strategy she 'scaped Love's doom—
Her life was safe from moral dirk.

In the far, far West, a happy mother
Smiles fondly on guileless faces,
And a fair girl nurses her little brother,
Whilst pussy her own tail chases.
The kettle's boiling, the cakes all hot,
Tea's ready—Tom wants to begin it,
But they're waiting for daddy to fill up the pot,
And dad will be in in a minute.

A knock at the door. The mother went;
God! what horror is this?
What sight the blood from her cherry cheek sent?
What clenches her teeth with a hiss?
She held the door with a desperate hand,
To keep the children within,
Then, in trembling tone, for she scarce could stand,
She made assignation of Sin.
She stole forth from her happy home that night,
But returned in a half an hour;
Tho' her eye flashed strange, her step was light,—
Like one who had baffled Fate's power.

When Time has rolled on, perchance some day
Some newspaper item may tell,
Of a fossil skeleton found, as it lay
In a far, far Western dell;
Science may guess (and may be correct),
That here once lay a deep river's bed,
And curious surmise may haunt those who inspect
The cramped limbs and the battered head.
But they never may know (for in that far time
Love's flaws may have kindlier name),
That to silence a secret, a fearful crime
Had rescued a wife's fair fame.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM—IX.

Speaking and Writing Mediums.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR: All the kinds of mediumship except speaking and writing are necessarily slow in the process of communicating thought, for the reason that they convey it either by symbols or by spelling out words and sentences letter by letter. Hence it was, that as soon as the fact of spiritual intercourse was established, speaking and writing mediums began to be developed, that thought might be more rapidly conveyed.

This kind of mediumship, like all the others, is marked with a great variety of features, and, like the others, is capable of improvement by proper cultivation. In this connection I can speak only of the general characteristics, and chiefly of the mediumship after it has gone somewhat through the process of cultivation.

Those general characteristics are that words and sentences are written or spoken, and thoughts uttered which are not the product of either the mind or the will of the medium.

It is not always easy to ascertain that this is so. A medium is in your presence writing with ease or speaking with fluency, and the natural inference is that it is of his own mind that he is doing so, and the evidence must of necessity be strong to establish that it is other wise. That evidence will, however, be furnished to any one who will patiently investigate to the end. I have endeavored to do so, and I will mention some of the prominent evidences to show that it is some other mind than the medum's that is at work.

1. One is that of the mediums speaking in a language unknown to him, in which, however, he conveys distinct thought and utters proper sentences, which are understood by those who are acquainted with the language.

2. Another is that sometimes the medium knows and sometimes he does not know the thought he is thus uttering in a strange language, and that not at all at his option or under his control.

3. The medium frequently refers to events and relates incidents unknown to him, but recognised by others present at the time as the truth.

4. He not unfrequently speaks of events and incidents unknown alike to him and to those present, but which are afterward ascertained to be facts.

5. He prophesies events which are to happen, and which do happen, and that sometimes in regard to matters with which he has no connection, and of which he has no knowledge.

6. He often describes persons, gives names, and delineates characteristics, which are recognised by others as correct, but of which he is previously ignorant.

7. He utters thoughts in conflict with his own sentiments, which he does not receive and which he repudiates.

8. He writes and utters things of which he is ignorant at the time of their utterance. Such is the case with all the trance mediums. They do not know what they write or say, and I once had the services of a writing medium who was not entranced, but who frequently wrote matters of which I *know* he is, even to this day, ignorant.

9. He displays knowledge of science and arts, which it is well known he does not himself possess, and uses words and technical terms, the meaning of which he does not know.

10. He delivers discourses, marked by close argument and profound thought, far beyond his capacity. I have, for instance, witnessed a little girl of some 10 years old, a foundling, with scarcely a knowledge of her alphabet, discourse with gentlemen of advanced age and of accomplished education, on topics, and in a manner, that confounded them, realising the account of Jesus at 12 years old, "In the temple, sitting in "the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and ask-"ing them questions, and all that heard him were as-"tonished at his understanding and answers."

11. And to add to it all, the medium is unable to do this at his pleasure, but only when under the influence of this unseen intelligence. I have often seen mediums try in vain to recall the power under circumstances when they had every inducement to success; and I have known the exhibition arrested midway, when the medium was mortified at the failure.

These and sundry other evidences which I have not now the space to enumerate, but which the candid investigator can readily observe for himself, will enable him to be certain that there are times and occasions when the medium *is* writing and speaking thoughts not his own, but flowing from a mind and a will outside of and beyond himself.

This is no impossibility, though it may seem so to some. The power is recognised by the learned, independent of Spiritualism. Wilkinson, in his treatise, "The Human Body, and its Connection with Man," speaks thus of it: "And so, too, if the soul or spirit, "or any other spirit or influence, can make the imag-"inations or the thought-movements in the cerebral "substance, these will seem as much our own thoughts "as though no such influence had been exerted. But "in both cases, be it remembered, there is an object "out of the faculty excited: though, in the one case, "the object is out of the organism externally; in the "other case, out of it internally."

There are, however, some considerations affecting each of these kinds of mediumship.

I. As to *Writing Mediumship:* Sometimes the writing is merely mechanical, the arm of the medium being moved by some other aid than his; sometimes he is unconscious even that he is writing; sometimes he is aware that he is writing, but is unconscious of what letters or words he is forming, and sometimes he is conscious of all he is doing, but is aware of the extraneous impulse. Sometimes he writes by impression, the thoughts being given to him, but the language used being his own. Sometimes he is aware of each word as he writes it, but is unconscious of what is the sentence that he forms. Sometimes he is conscious of the sentence, but is not aware of its connection with what has gone before or of what is to follow. Sometimes he writes in his native language; sometimes in a foreign one unknown to him. Sometimes he writes in characters apparently unmeaning, and seemingly mere "pothooks-and-hangers," like a child learning to write, and sometimes in well-formed hieroglyphics, which are interpreted and understood. Sometimes the distinctive handwriting of the medium is preserved throughout; at other times, through the same medium, a different handwriting is carefully preserved for each spirit communing; and sometimes the handwriting of the communing spirit, which distinguished him in life, is closely imitated.

II. *As to Speaking Mediumship:* Here, too, there is great variety in the manifestation, and it is only of general features that I can speak.

The principal difference in the kinds being when the medium is entranced or in a normal condition. Between these two extremes there is every conceivable shade of condition.

I have known the mediums when speaking to have all consciousness suspended, so as not to see any object, or to hear any sound, or to feel any wound of the flesh. So I have seen them when only one of the senses would be suspended, as for instance to be unable to see, though hearing and feeling were acute. I have seen them when fully conscious of all that was going on, and yet without the power of exercising any control over their own organs, and I have seen when the medium was in the full possession of consciousness and volition, and yet was uttering the thoughts of an intelligence not his own.

I deem the latter the most perfected species of mediumship—for the supremacy of one's own individuality is left unimpaired. The trance and semi-trance state is resorted to only because the medium is so undisciplined that unless his consciousness and volition are suspended his own thoughts and will will color, interfere with, and sometimes interrupt the manipulation. And I have observed that mediums, originally and only in a state of trance, have gradually, as they have permitted themselves to be improved, been more and more in their normal condition when used.

This, however, is comparatively rare, and requires an uncommon degree of mental culture and self-discipline. I do not know that I have ever yet seen a medium improved to the condition of which it seems to me they are yet capable.

Under this state of things, there is one serious difficulty, too often overlooked, namely, that the mind of the medium will affect the communication.

Such has been the case with revelation in all ages of the world. It is not, and cannot be, perfect, until man himself—the channel through which it is necessarily made—is perfect.

In the mean time, however, amid all these discouragements—at times it does come pure and undefiled—there come to us, as of old, revelations of the greatest moment to man.

What they are, I shall have occasion briefly to relate in the next and last paper of the series.

J. W. EDMONDS.

Lake George, Aug. 15, 1859.

Lobe-Matters.

John, Jr.

I called last night to see a girl
I used to love four years ago,
And she loved me; at least we thought
And often told each other so,
And country gossips all abroad
Proclaimed that I was Maggie's *beau*.

She held her baby, two years old—
A thumping boy—who stared at me;
She rose and, courtesying, gave her hand,
With all a matron's dignity,
While little Johnny called me "Dad,"
And came and climbed upon my knee.

The same, yet changed; the velvet bloom
Of girlhood from her cheek is gone;
And etchings from the hand of Time
Her marble brow appear upon;
Her graceful form is growing stout;
But strangest still, that baby John!

Ah well! they are expensive things,
These babies, so my all papas;
I'll buy that basket of champagne
And that half thousand of cigars,
And ask the boys all down to-night,
For I am single, thank my stars!

— A-propos of the Sickles affair the London *Saturday Review* remarks: "It is difficult, and more than difficult to fathom, or even to apprehend, the great American mind in its popular aspect. What it seems to produce on the most exaggerated scale is the manner of life and the domestic habits of English village society. The same taste for scandal and gossiping, the same pretentious self important estimate of their own petty local concerns, the same habit in which everybody indulges, of canvassing everybody else's business, characterises our Transatlantic cousins and our own rural communities. That America has no stake in general politics and in the comity of nations, that it has a very cheap Press, and that most of its life is spent in boarding-houses and drinking-bars, accounts for the fact that the occurences which agitate public opinion and engage public talk are of a character infinitely small and degradingly personal and petty. A low moral tone always prevails in a narrow society. A small English country town is the epitome in its general talk and local interest of all that is narrow-minded. And the United States reproduces this. The American newspapers only print what the market-place, and tea-table, and the reading-room of one of our own agricultural towns indulge in. Were it not for the scale on which public interests are pitched in England by our connections with a large and elevating system such as that which the great European political family involves, we might, perhaps, with our cheap newspapers, be soon brought down to the American standard. Foreign politics keep us from stagnating into the scum of American public matters. The United States is not yet a great nation; and hence it is that a great murder or a great adultery case, or a very remarkable Barnum dodge, occupies the whole community with general talk for six months.

The defence of Mr. Sickles was quite uncalled for. He had a perfect right to please himself. What he should have denounced and defied was the tribunal of public opinion. Public opinion had really nothing to do with Mr. Sickles' unusual domestic tastes and his abnormal conjugal arrangements. We much regret when anybody - be he American senator or English novelist—either when he quarrels with his wife or arranges matrimonial difficulties, to speak euphemistically, makes the public, or permits the public to make itself, a party to the concerns of private life. It is only a low and vulgar morality which can either endure or urge the appeal. The husband who challenges the award of publicity, and the public which permits itself to interfere and to canvass such matters, are alike to blame. We hardly know which most to find fault with—the interference with Mr. Sickles' private life, or Mr. Sickles' vindication of what is the concern of no human being but himself. But to conclude with what we began, it is only in Little Peddlington and the United States that Mr. and Mrs. Sickles could furnish a subject of national interest.

— The Paris correspondent of *The New York Express* gives the following account of two American marriages at Paris, on the 9th inst.: "At 11 o'clock the marriage of Miss Mary Mason, daughter of the Minister of the United States, and Mr. Archer Anderson of Virginia, was solemnized at the residence of the bride's father, in the rue Beaujon. The beautiful and impressive ceremony of the Protestant Episcopal Church was performed by the Rector of the British Embassy, of whose congregation Judge Mason's family have been members since their residence in Paris. The Rev. Mr. Lamson, Rector of the American Episcopal Church here, was a witness to the marriage, together with a few ladies and gentlemen, friends of our Minister's family. The wedding was a quiet, uncostentatious affair, characterized throughout by the utmost simplicity and good taste. The company was, I believe, exclusively American, and among those present were Mrs. Gen. Winfield Scott, Mrs. Commodore Stewart; the Hon. Mr. Rantz and bride, late Miss Corcoran; Mrs. J. Ridgeway, Mrs. Riggs of Washington, Col. Crittenden of Kentucky, Lieut. Pegram of Virginia, Lieut. Kelton of Pennsylvania, Dr. Spencer, U. S. Consul at Paris; Messrs. Calhoun and Wilbor, Secretaries of the United States Legation, and several others, whose names I did not learn. I mention these as forming a part of a brilliant and distinguished company. The bridesmaid was Miss Sarah Mason, a sister of the bride; the groomsman was Mr. Powhatan Clark, of Virginia. The toilettes of all the ladies who assisted were remarkably tasteful and beautiful; such dresses as are only to be seen at a wedding in Paris, the centre of all that is refined, chaste, and elegant in woman's attire. I content myself with mentioning that the lovely bride herself wore a white muslin dress, with seven flounces edged with Valenciennes lace, each flounce trimmed with an entre-deux and edge Valenciennes. Her veil was white tulle, falling to the feet, a material which has taken the place of lace, on these occasions. Her head was encircled by by a wreath of orange blossoms, and she wore, as the ceinture, a bouquet of the same flowers, which is the mode at Paris morning-weddings, as contradistinguished from flowers worn on the bosom, when the ceremony occurs in the evening. The entire costume was simple, tasteful, and elegant. The Misses Mason were also dressed in white, as indeed were nearly all the ladies present. Immediately after the ceremony, the newly wedded pair left Paris, on a bridal trip to Switzerland.

On the same day, and within a few minutes of the same hour as the above, another American lady assumed the irrevocable vows at the Church of St. Roche. Miss Annie Hepburne, of South Carolina, was married to Mr. Eustache Bounin, son of the Chevalier Bounin, Vice-Consul of Portugal at Nice, Sardinia. I was not present at this ceremony, but learn that it was conducted according to the Roman Catholic form.

One Thing and Another.

— Mr. Yeadon's "Orator, Patriot, Sage, Citizen of America, Laudator of Washington, Apostle of Charity, High Priest of the Union, and Friend of Mankind," has been invited to attend the State Fair at Atlanta, Ga., in October.

— It is reported that Mr. Bonner has offered Mme. Blondin ten thousand dollars to contribute a series of Niagara-Papers to the *Ledger*—each of them to be written on a tight-rope while the author is crossing the Falls.

— "Waiter!" cried a patron of one of our cheap restaurants, the other morning, "bring me a pickle for these here beans!" "Aint got no pickles," replied the waiter. "No pickles!" ejaculated the boarder, "what the h—l are beans without pickles?" "Six and a-quarter cents," replied John, as he turned to supply another guest with a plate of fried doughnuts.

— "Joe, why were you out so late, last night?" "It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve." "How dare you sit there and tell me that lie? I was awake when you came in, and looked at my watch—it was three o'clock. "Well, isn't three a quarter of twelve?"

— The Kalkin *Journal*, in summing up an article regarding productiveness, says: "Taking the prospects altogether, if we starve to death during the present year, it will be because prosperity will have made us too lazy to eat."

— The last "fashion" announced from Europe is that of dressing very plainly when going to church. Some of the ladies of the "first circles" go to worship in plain calico. It is thus sought to encourage the attendance of the poor, who have hitherto withheld their presence for lack of Sunday clothes. If the system should be adopted in New York, half the fashionable churches would have to close their doors, while the milliners and dressmakers of the city would get up a revolution.

— A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness, and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said, "He can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the whole catechism, and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes, mother," added the young hopeful, "and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, throwed the cat into the well, and stole old Hinckley's gimlet."

— At the late trial of McWaters, the policeman, for the amount of a tailor's bill, it appeared that the clothes furnished were badly made. "Then," observed the learned judge, "we must proceed according to the *lex talionis*, and the plaintiff must be sen-"*sated*."

— *Punch* says the House of Hapsburg should in future be called the "House of Mishapsburg."

— Our friend Jo. Cose, speaking of a drink he once had occasion to indulge in, says he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torchlight procession that was going down his throat.

— It is said that a lady, on putting on her corsets, is like a man who drinks to drown his grief, because, in so-lacing herself she is getting tight.

— William Stettee, proprietor of a billiard room at the corner of Fifth and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, in a game with Mr. Wilson, made the astonishing run of two thousand and eight points, and was obliged to stop through sheer fatigue, leaving the balls in a condition to continue the game indefinitely.

— Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up in an omnibus, who could not dance all night without being tired?

— The Newcastle (England) *Daily Chronicle* says that a well-known banker lately observed that several of his clerks had adorned themselves with mustaches. He called into his private room all the mustached, and said, "Gentlemen, I have no wish to interfere with your private amusements or hobbies, but I must insist upon the mustaches being off in business hours. After 5 P. M. indulge your hobbies, if you choose."

— Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. Perhaps this accounts for the habit some people have of always closing their eyes during sermon-time.

— A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says that the Hon. Charles Sumner will return to America early in November. Like "Personne," he has nearly recovered.

— "Why, George, what are you hoeing in the garden for at this time of night?" "Well, I was awful dry, mother, and don't the Bible say, 'He every one that thirsteth!'"

— A farmer charged a hired man with having an offensive breath. "Thunder and lightning!" said the man, "do you expect a man to breathe musk-rose for six dollars a month?"

— The receipts of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for July, were $60,043 82. This is the largest sum received during any one month since the Board was organized. The receipts for the months of June and July amounted to about $100,000. The total receipts for the year ending July 31st, including donations and legacies, amounted to $350,000—all of which money is to be expended "sending thou-"sands of miles, which any man would do "well to go thousands of miles to escape from."

— The number of female donors to the "Museum of Comparative Zoology" just established, is noteworthy, as it reveals the interest Prof. Agassiz has infused into the public mind in Boston on his favorite science, and also shows the public spirit of the opulent women of Boston. The subscriptions of this class were as follows: Miss Mary Ann Wales, $100; Mrs. Abby L. Wales, $100; Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, $200; Miss Ann Wigglesworth, $500; Mrs. G. H. Shaw, $500; Miss Abby M. Loring, $500; Miss Mary Wigglesworth, $500; Miss Sara Greene, $500; Mrs. Elijah Loring, $500; Mrs. H. F. Sayles, $1000; Miss Sarah Pratt, $1000; Miss Brimmer, $1000; Miss Mary Pratt, $1000; Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, $2000. Total from Boston women, $9000.

— "Pa," asked Master Charley, at breakfast, "what is French for an egg?" "An egg, my boy, is an *œuf*." "Well," said the young rogue, immediately, "a egg is not *enough* for me, for I want two!"

— A friend of the Rochester *Union*, who saw De Leve walk the rope on Tuesday, says his estimation of the value of crinoline is wonderfully increased since that event. Just as the rain storm commenced, he saw a beautiful and fashionably dressed lady coolly take off her bonnet and deliberately fasten it underneath her skeleton skirt, then tie a handkerchief upon her head; and after the storm her bonnet reappeared as good as new.

— The Cincinnati papers are complaining of the "peculiar taste" of the water of the Ohio, which has become as unpotable as that of the Croton or the Schuylkill. The water from the hydrants smells and tastes as if it had been filtered through rotten wood. A chemist who investigated the matter, gives it as his belief that the trouble is owing to large quantities of decaying hay and straw which have been washed out by the late freshets in the streams above.

— A good deal of incredulity continues to be expressed concerning the value of the gold discoveries at Pike's Peak. The St. Louis *Republican* says: "In all the accounts we see nothing to change the opinion we have expressed, that there is not yet before the public any satisfactory proof that the mines will remunerate the labors of any large number of miners."

— A special dispatch to *The Cincinnati Commercial*, dated New York, Aug. 26, says: "I understand from excellent authority that Count Walewski has addressed a letter to the editor of *The N. Y. Times*, thanking him, in the name of Napoleon III., for the course of his paper during the late war."

— The Commissioners of Patents has issued a circular defining the difference between an engraving, which is the subject of copyright, and a label, which is the subject of patent only. A copyright costs fifty cents, and gives a monopoly for twenty years, whilst a patent costs fifteen dollars, and gives a monopoly for seven years. The Commissioner decides that when a production is issued as a work of art, and is intended for sale as such, it may be copyrighted; but that when not produced for sale as a work of art, but evidently for label, it falls under the Patent laws.

—Mr. Strasberger, who went to Pike's Peak from Janesville, Wis., has returned, says the *Gazette*. Mr. Strasberger has made a thorough exploration of the entire mining region now worked, and which he has no reason to find fault with the success which attended his labors, has no disposition to repeat the trip and renew the search for the precious mineral. He says of the company which Greeley said was making $400 or $500 a-day, that when he left they were utterly destitute, and without the means to pay for provisions necessary to subsistence, their rich lead having run out, and all its proceeds having been expended in prospecting for others. Gov. Beal, of Wisconsin, notwithstanding the large stories of his success, has been obliged to pledge his team for provisions, though he subsequently redeemed it.

— "Have you read my last oration?" asked Everett of Professor ——

"I hope so," was the reply.

— The Postmaster General decides that a pen and pencil mark, made for the purpose of attracting the eye to a particular article or portion of printed matter, does not subject matter to letter postage, as insisted on by some postmasters.

— The *New England Courant*, in 1726, contained the following advertisement: "Just published and sold by the printer thereof, 'Hooped Petticoats Arraigned and Condemned, by the Light of Nature and the Law of God,'—Price 6d.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish. A Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from drawings by F. O. C. Darley. 12mo., pp. 474, $1 50. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

RELIGIOUS.

Words of Jesus, and Faithful Promiser. By the author of "Morning and Night Watches." 1 vol., 12mo., muslin, 38cts. New York: Blakeman & Mason.

TRAVELS, ETC.

Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete. By Bayard Taylor. With Steel Plates, "Delphi," and the Church of St. Basil, Moscow. 1 vol., 12mo., $1 25. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Fiji and the Fijians. By Thomas Williams and James Calvert, late Missionaries in Fiji. Edited by George Stringer Rowe. 1 vol. 8vo, illustrated with maps, colored engravings, and woodcuts, $2 50.

POETRY.

Wee Wee Songs, for Our Little Pets. By Leila Lee. 18mo., fancy muslin, illustrated. 50cts. New York: Blakeman & Mason.

HISTORICAL.

History of Middle Tennessee; or, Life and Times of General James Robertson. By A. W. Putnam, Esq., President of the Tennessee Historical Society. 8vo., pp. 668, $3 00. New York: C. B. Richardson.

Illustrated History of the War in Italy; embracing a description of Northern and Central Italy, Geographical Analysis of Places of Interest, Personal Sketches of Prominent Actors, Origin and Causes of the War, and a Complete History from its Commencement to its Close. Embellished with Maps and Engravings, fully illustrative of the geography and scenes of exciting interest, with Portraits of Prominent actors in the War. By J. E. Tuel, author of an "Historical Analysis of the Eastern War." "A Review of the Diplomatic Policy of the Mexican War," etc. 12mo., pp. 334. $1 25. New York: J. G. Wells.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life of Jonathan Trumbull, Sen., the Revolutionary Governor of Connecticut. By I. W. Stuart. 1 vol., 8vo., pp. 700, $3. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.

Life of Davy Crockett. Written by Himself. Comprising His Early Life, Hunting Adventures, Services under General Jackson in the Creek War, Electioneering Speeches, Career in Congress, Triumphal Tour in the Northern States, and Services in the Texan War. To which is added an Account of Colonel Crockett's Glorious Death at the Alamo, while fighting in Defence of Texan Independence. By the Editor. 12mo., pp. 405. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. 1859.

MEDICAL.

Motorpathy and Motion-Life. Combined and Revised from former editions. By H. Halstead, M.D. Pamphlet, pp. 149. Northampton: Metcalf & Co. 1858.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Dred Scott Decision. Opinion of Chief Justice Roger B. Taney. With an Introduction by Dr. J. H. Van Evrie. Also an Appendix by Samuel A. Cartwright, M.D., of New Orleans, entitled "Natural History of the Prognathous Race of Mankind." Originally written for the "New York Day-Book." 25cts. New York: Van Evrie, Horton & Co.

The Game of Base Ball. Rules and Regulations of the National Association of Base Ball Players. New York: Slamkidoleon, Hicks & Long.

The Character and Portraits of Washington. By H. T. Tuckerman. Illustrated with all the prominent Portraits, Proofs on India Paper, and a fine Plate of the Washington Monument, by Crawford, at Richmond, Va., from a Photograph and a Drawing by Rhoner. In 1 volume, quarto. $6. New York: G. P. Putnam.

A Manual of Naval Tactics; together with a Brief Critical Analysis of the Principal Modern Naval Battles. By James H. Ward, Commander U. S. N., author of "Ordnance and Gunnery," and "Steam for the Million." With an Appendix, being an Extract from Sir Howard Douglas's "Naval Warfare with Steam." 1 vol., 8vo., $2 50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Cattle and their Diseases. By Dr. George H. Dadd, V.S., author of "Modern Horse Doctor," etc. $1 25. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

Miss Leslie's Behavior Book; a Guide and Manual for Ladies, as regards their Conversation, Manners, Dress, Introductions, Entree to Society, Shopping, Conduct in the Street, at Places of Amusement, in Travelling, at the Table, either at Home, in Company, or at Hotels; Deportment in Gentlemen's Society, Lips, Complexion, Teeth, Hands, the Hair, etc., etc. With full Instructions and Advice in Letter-Writing, Receiving Presents, Incorrect Words, Borrowing, Obligations to Gentlemen, Offenses, Children, Decorum in Church, at Evening Parties, and full Suggestions in Bad Practices and Habits easily contracted, which no Young Lady should be Guilty of, etc., etc. By Miss Eliza Leslie, authoress of "Miss Leslie's Celebrated New Cookery Book," "Miss Leslie's New Receipts for Cooking," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother.

Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea, viewed Classically, Poetically, and Practically; containing numerous curious dishes and feasts, of all times and countries, beside three hundred modern receipts. 1 vol, small 4to, gilt top, $1 50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ENGLISH.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

The Great Tribulation Coming on the Earth. By Dr. Cumming, author of "Apocalyptic Sketches," etc. 8vo., 7s. 6d. London: Richard Bentley.

Preachers and Preaching in Ancient and Modern Times; including Sketches of Robert Hall, Newman, Chalmers, Irving, Melvill, Dale, Spurgeon, Bellew, Cumming, Wilmott. By the Rev. H. Christmas. 12mo., pp. 300, boards, 1s. 6d. London: Bohn.

Christian Duties and Cautions Relating to the Holy Estate of Matrimony. By William Coe, Jun. Foolscap 8vo., 6s. London: Hall.

MEDICAL.

Precepts for the Preservation of Health, Life, and Happiness, Medical and Moral. By Clement Carlyon. Post 8vo., pp. 318, cloth, 7s. 6d. London: Whittaker.

The Roman or Turkish Bath, its Hygienic and Curative Properties. By William Potter. 8vo., pp. 48, sewed, 1s. London: Simpkin.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Life and Theatrical Times of Charles Kean. By J. W. Cole. 2 vols., post 8vo., 21s. London: Richard Bentley.

An Account of the Life, Opinions, and Writings of John Milton; with an Introduction to Paradise Lost. By Thomas Keightly. 8vo., pp. 490, cloth, 10s. 6d. London: Chapman & Hall.

POETRY.

Humanity: a Poem of Sympathy. 1s. 6d. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.

The Poems of John Milton. With Notes by Thomas Keightley. 2 vols., 8vo., pp. 900, cloth, 21s. London: Chapman & Hall.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wool and Woollen Manufactures of Great Britain. A Historical Sketch of Rise, Progress, and Present Position. By Samuel Brothers. Containing a complete account of the manufacture and trade from the earliest period, with full statistics. 8vo., 10s. 6d. London: Piper, Stephenson & Spence.

The History of Freemasonry, and the Grand Lodge of Scotland: with Chapters on the Knight Templars, Knights of St. John, Mark Masonry, and R.A. Degree; to which is added an Appendix of Valuable Papers. By William Alexander Laurie, Secretary to the Grand Lodge of Scotland, etc., etc. 8vo., illustrated, pp. 529, cloth, 12s. 6d. London: Spencer.

The Shakespeare Fabrications; or, The MS. Notes of the Perkins' folio shown to be of recent origin: with an Appendix on the Authorship of the Ireland Forgeries. 12mo., pp. 156, cloth, 3s. London: J. R. Smith.

Nuggets from the Oldest Diggings; or, Researches in the Mosaic Creation. 3s. 6d. London: Thomas Constable & Co.

The Symbolic Anglo-German Vocabulary, in which the most Useful and Common Words are Taught by Illustrations, adapted from the "Vocabulaire Symbolique Anglo-Français" of L. C. Ragonot. Edited and revised by Falck Lebahn, Ph. Dr., author of "German in One Volume," etc. 8vo., with about 850 Woodcuts, and 9 Lithographic Plates, 6s., cloth. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

RELIGIOUS.

Theopneustia. The Bible: Its Divine Origin and Inspiration; deduced from Internal Evidence, and the testimonies of Nature, History, and Science. By L. Gaussen, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology, Oratoire, Geneva. New and revised edition, with Analysis and Topical Index. 12mo., pp. 365. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

Family Prayers and Prayers on the Ten Commandments; to which is added a Family Commentary upon the Sermon on the Mount. By Henry Thornton, M.P., edited by Bishop Eastburn. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth, 75cts. New York: Sheldon & Co.

NOVELS.

The Mohicans of Paris. A Novel. Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother.

The Surgeon's Daughter and Castle Dangerous. By Sir Walter Scott. 25cts. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens. 25cts. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Brook Farm.

The Divine Human in the Scriptures. By Prof. Tayler Lewis.

The First and Last Journey.

SHELDON & CO., NEW YORK.

Life of Thomas A'Becket.

Life of Hannibal.

Life of Vittoria Colonna.

Life of Julius Cæsar.

The Napoleon Dynasty; or, A History of the Bonaparte Family, Brought Down to the Present Time. In one volume, 8vo., price $2 50. New and enlarged edition, containing a new portrait of the Empress Eugenie, and 22 other authentic portraits of the family.

Smooth Stones from Ancient Brooks. By the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. 1 vol., large 18mo., 60cts.

Lessons from Jesus. By the Rev. W. P. Balfern, author of "Glimpses of Jesus." 1 vol., large 18mo., 75cts.

BLAKEMAN & MASON, NEW YORK.

Representative Men of the New Testament. By George C. Baldwin, D.D., of Troy. 1 vol., 12mo., $1.

DERBY & JACKSON, NEW YORK.

Sylvia's World, and Crimes which the Law does not Reach. By Sue Petigru King, author of "Busy Moments of an Idle Woman," "Lily," etc. 1 vol., $1.

Beulah. By Augusta J. Evans (Mobile, Ala.). One large and neat duodecimo volume. $1 25. A Companion to the "Widow Bedott Papers."

Miss Slimmins's Window. By Mrs. Mark Peabody. With eleven Illustrations. One neat 12mo. $1.

W. A. TOWNSEND & CO., NEW YORK.

Mount Vernon and its Associations. By Benjamin J. Lossing, author of "The Field Book of the Revolution," "A History of the United States," etc. Illustrated with 150 Engravings from original Drawings, by the author. Small 4to., $5 to $6.

Out of the Depths: The Story of a Woman's Life. 12mo., pp. 350, $1.

The Pocket Guide for Americans Going to Europe.

Men Who Have Risen: a Book for Boys, and Women of Worth: a Book for Girls. Both elegantly Illustrated. 16mo., pp. 300, 75cts. each.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA.

A Household Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens, uniform with Ticknor's Edition of the Waverly Novels. To be completed in twenty-four volumes. With new Steel Illustrations, Vignette, Titles, etc., from new designs.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

"The Queen of Hearts." By Wilkie Collins.

A Good Fight and other Tales. By Charles Reade.

History of Peter the Great. By Jacob Abbott.

Preachers and Preaching. By "Kirwan."

Diary of a Samaritan. By a Member of the Howard Association, New Orleans.

Women-Artists. By Mrs. Eliot.

The Prairie-Traveller. By Capt. Randolph B. Marcy, U. S. A.

2,000 ACRES
Valuable Land in Ohio for Sale.

A CHANCE for GREAT BARGAINS.

On Wednesday, September 7th, 1859, at 9 A. M., I shall, as the Assignee in Bankruptcy of GEORGE HERBST, deceased, sell at Roundhead, near the premises, in lots to suit purchasers, the splendid tract of upwards of 2,000 acres of land,

KNOWN AS THE "HERBST TRACT,"

lying in the counties of Hardin, Logan, and Auglaize, in the State of Ohio, on the headwaters of the Scioto and Miami rivers.

This tract is near the flourishing town of Hunterille, on the Mad River and Lake Erie Railroad, and is well watered and timbered, with the exception of 450 acres of fine rolling prairie. The soil is a rich, dark loam, and there are numerous farms under good cultivation around it.

I have lithographic maps of the tracts and its vicinity, which will be furnished on application to the subscriber at Chicago, Illinois, or by CHARLIE HERBST, at the Office of the "N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS," No. 9 Spruce street (up stairs).

Terms made known on the day of sale.

HENRY WALLER, Assignee of
GEORGE HERBST ESTATE.

TO ALL LIVE TRADESMEN!

BILL WILLIAMS! BILL WILLIAMS!!

The very best Bill in the city, for

Bill Posting.

He does all his work in the neatest, smoothest, nicest, and stickyest styles, and guarantees satisfaction. Puts up every Bill given to him. Don't interfere with anybody else, and does *let anybody interfere with him.*

If you've got big Bills or little Bills, let Bill Williams just "stick 'em up."

Office 27 ANN STREET, in the basement.
Call and try him.

Photographic Engraving!!

Important to Photographers, Engravers, and the Public. PATENT RIGHTS for SALE. Engraving done at Low Prices by

SEELY & GARBANATI,
Photographic Chemists and Publishers,
No. 424 Broadway, near Canal st., N. Y.

A complete OUTFIT of PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS and CHEMICALS, comprising everything requisite for taking Photographs and Ambrotypes for $30.

ILLUMINATED ENVELOPES.

Every Envelope a Business Card!

These ENVELOPES are printed in tints—Illustrated and Ornamented to suit any trade or business. Every man in business should use them. Samples sent on receipt of stamps to pay postage.

N. ORR & CO.,
52 John street, New York.

NEW STYLES—NEW STOCK.

SILVER-PLATED GOODS,

IN GREAT VARIETY, ALSO

Britannia and Rolled Metal Goods.

Believing an experience of twenty-five years has rendered him familiar with all its details of manufacture, materials, finish, etc., he trusts, by strict attention and courteous treatment, to merit a fair share of patronage.

On hand a good stock of the raw material, such as Banca, Straits, and English "Lamb & Flag" Tin, in pig and bar; Regulus Antimony, Pig and Bar Lead, Solder, Spelter, Spelter Solder, Zinc, Copper, Bar-Tin, Babbitt-Metal, etc., etc., etc.,

at the very lowest market rates for cash, or on time for great paper.

Silver-plated Tea Sets,
Silver-plated Coffee Urns,
Silver-plated Cake Baskets,
Silver-plated Castors,
Silver-plated Communion Service,
Silver-plated Ice Pitchers, "Ice Urns," etc.,

as well in Britannia and Rolled Metal as Silver-plated.

A call is solicited—and will render visitors under no obligation to buy.

W. S. MURRAY,
22 John street (between Broadway and Nassau st.), N. Y.

ALL STATIONERS SELL
"Spalding's Prepared Glue."
**Useful in Every House